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**MOTOR UNION****INSURANCE  
COMPANY LTD**

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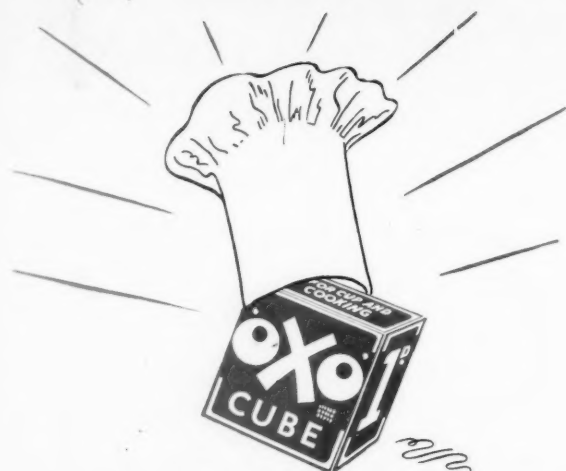
10, ST. JAMES'S STREET, LONDON, S.W.1

JUL 23 1947

DETROIT

**PUNCH**JULY  
2  
1947Vol. CCXIII  
No. 5557For conditions of sale and supply of Punch  
see bottom of last page of text**Imperial Typewriters****MADE IN  
GREAT BRITAIN**

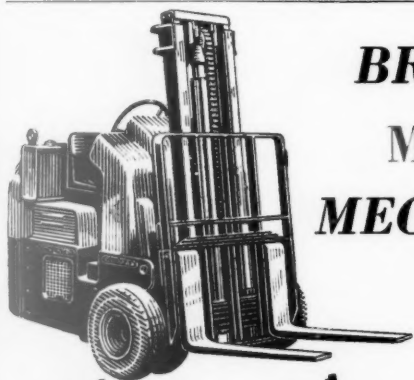
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**EXPERIENCED COOKS ALL SAY  
"FOR BEEFY DISHES"**

**OXO's**

**THE ANSWER!"**



**BRITAIN  
MUST  
MECHANISE**



IT SEEMS LATE in the day to point out that where heavy loads have to be shifted and lifted, the motor is more powerful and more economical than the man. But who can deny that a substantial volume of man-hours is lost through primitive handling and trundling of raw materials and goods under process!

Yet Britain has a truck which, in the hands of one man, will handle up to 800 tons of heavy material in a day; lifting, carrying, hoisting, stacking and loading; everywhere speeding production by saving money, labour, time and space. Learn more about it from Dept. J/T

**COVENTRY CLIMAX**

COVENTRY CLIMAX ENGINES LIMITED,  
WIDDINGTON ROAD WORKS, COVENTRY

**Fork Trucks**



Current Austins comprise 8, 10, 12 and 16 h.p. de-luxe, 4-door, 4-cylinder sliding head saloons, priced from £280 to £525. Also the '110' Sheerline and '120' Princess 6-cylinder saloons, priced at £1,000 and £1,350 respectively. All the above prices are subject to Purchase Tax.

*more and more people are saying...*

**AUSTIN**—you can depend on it!

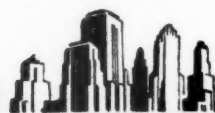
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Abdulla for all lovers of  
the American style cigarette.

**Fifth Avenue . 20 for 3/4**

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*the swathed  
shoulder line  
and...*

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GOLD MEDAL  
**EAU DE COLOGNE**

The Eau de Cologne of  
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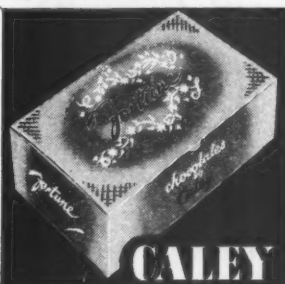
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PAGES

AEC 164-96

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Here is  
your *fortune*  
my pretty  
maid!....



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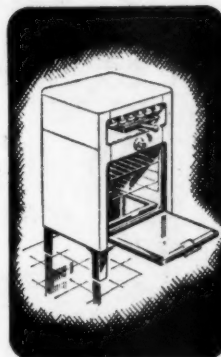


In 1710 you might have met  
Mr. Michael Dahl in Piccadilly—on his way to  
paint a portrait for Queen Anne. And perchance, as  
he passed by, he'd look in at Mr. Fortnum's and Mr.  
Mason's newly opened shop. Ah! What a surprise  
for him could he but visit Fortnum's today! Milady's  
fine fashions would doubtless astonish him, but their  
quality—as in these modern shoes from the Second  
Floor—is still as supreme today as it was in his time.

**FORTNUM and MASON L<sup>td</sup>**

181 PICCADILLY W.1

*"I was lucky to get a  
Parkinson—with the  
DROP DOOR.  
I find it such a help..."*



**PARKINSON**  
GAS COOKERS

The "RENOWN" first with all FEATURES, including  
"Ajusto" Automatic Oven Heat Control, unique Safety Tap  
design, ample Hotplate, maximum Oven capacity—and the  
exclusive Parkinson Drop Door.

THE PARKINSON STOVE CO. LTD., BIRMINGHAM, V  
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Every time you use your Halex toothbrush a regiment of keen, pliant nylon tufts springs into action. With every stroke you make, the lively points go searching in and out of all the nooks and crannies—cleaning and polishing up your teeth.

**HALEX**

for a nice clean mouth



*Do you take care of  
YOUR  
POSSESSIONS?*

...not receive as a reward, a reduction from your Household Policy premium.

The Midland Employers' Mutual Assurance, Ltd., give among other unique features:—

**A  
FREE POLICY  
EVERY  
SIXTH YEAR**

as, a

**"No Claim Bonus"**

For full details apply to:—

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Head Office: 16 Waterloo St., Birmingham, 2

35 Branches all over the country.

Premiums exceed £3,146,800

General Manager: Allan S. Barnfield, O.B.E.



Dumpjars or Handitubes. 9d.



This world-famed Sherry (formerly called Findlater's Fino) could not be registered under that name and thereby protected from imitators. For the safeguarding therefore of our world-wide clientele we have re-named it—Findlater's Dry Fly Sherry.

FINDLATER MACKIE TODD & CO. LTD.

Wholesale Merchants to H.M. the King, Wigmore St. W. 1



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RENTALS**

*Unparalleled* **SERVICE**

Deliveries of our new 1947 models now increasing! Get your Priority Certificate at our nearest branch.

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Maintenance and Service completely **FREE!**

All Valves replaced completely **FREE!**

A Small Rental Covers **EVERYTHING!**

2/6 per week—reducing after 6 months other models occasionally available 1/9 to 4/6 per week.

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HAVANA CIGARS**

*Are being enjoyed in  
most other countries*

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STILL PROHIBITED

100 EXPRESS TRAINS TO NEWCASTLE

on the fuel saved by insulating ONE factory

Nearly 600 tons of fuel—enough to run 100 express trains from London to Newcastle—can be saved in one steel-framed factory of average size by lining the roof and walls with Celotex cane-fibre insulation. For Celotex overcomes unnecessary heat losses; in buildings of every kind its installation produces immediate and drastic fuel economies; and in these economies—lower fuel bills and a reduced capital charge for the heating plant—the cost of Celotex is quickly recovered.

invest in  
**CELOTEX**  
insulation

CELOTEX LIMITED, North Circular Rd., Stonebridge Park, London, N.W.10. (Elgar 5717)

You don't hear  
flying men  
asking for 'PLUGS'—

THE WORD IS

**K.L.G**



**K.L.G. CORUNDITE SPARKING PLUGS**

K.L.G. Sparking Plugs Limited, Cricklewood Works, London, NW2

Your Furniture  
and the wood worm



Timber and furniture installed in many modern homes to-day contain wood borers in an active state. Priceless furniture or the cheapest flooring can, and all too often does, house these voracious, soft-bodied grubs. A certain and permanent cure for the worst cases of parasite infection and fungoid diseases is the use of RENTOKIL TIMBER FLUID—used and recommended by leading architects and wood preservation specialists. Not one case of reinfestation has occurred after treatment by RENTOKIL TIMBER FLUID.

Obtainable from all Stores  
1/8, 3/-, 5/6 per bottle or tin.

Manufactured by  
**RENTOKIL LTD.,**  
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**RENTOKIL**  
**TIMBER FLUID**

containing DDT

**MARINE  
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**AUXILIARY  
AND  
PROPULSION**

**R. A. LISTER (MARINE SALES) LTD.**  
DURSLEY, GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

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**OLD GOWRIE**

TOBACCO

We are friendly with the postal authorities chiefly because every package we send out—and there are many thousands each year—is very securely packed and clearly addressed. Even during the stress of the war years the packing never varied. It is our special concern to see that every order received before midday is dispatched the same day. The Rattray service is always kept on the same high standard as the tobaccos.



Obtainable only  
from

*Alfred Rattray*

TOBACCO BLENDER

Perth, Scotland  
Price 7/- per lb. Post Paid  
Send 18/- for sample 1-lb.  
tin, Post Free.

**GREENS LTD**

Cigar & Wine Merchants  
37 & 38 Royal Exchange, Cornhill,  
London, E.C.3.

**CLARET**

Good matured Bordeaux  
10/- per bottle.

Six bottles delivered for  
£3.4.0



"You're  
right,  
it's a  
'Van Heusen'"

THESE famous collars  
are still in short  
supply, but are well  
worth searching for.

**"VAN  
HEUSEN"**  
Regd. Trade Mark

*The Collar  
of Quality*

Made in Taunton, Somerset  
by Harding, Tilton &  
Hartley, Ltd.



THE BEST FROM THE WEST

**SYMONS'  
DEVON  
CYDER**

*The WISE Habit!*

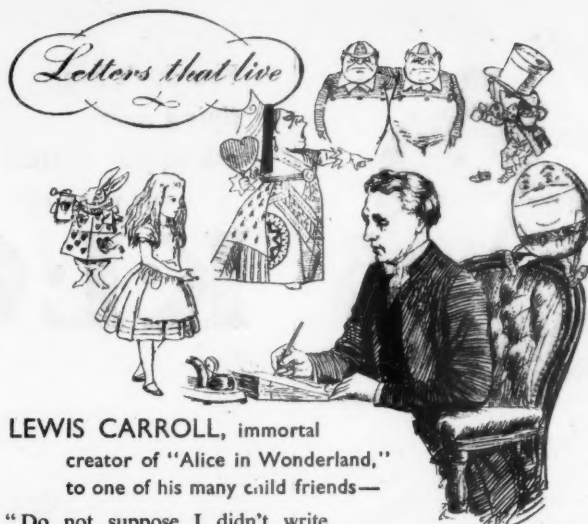
APPLE MILLS · TOTNES · DEVON  
AND AT LONDON

**PROTECT YOUR HANDS**

Flexible, durable, comfortable. Do  
not harden. From Ironmongers and  
Stores. 3/11, post 3d. One coupon  
per pair.

**Andy**  
Regd. **GARDEN GLOVES**

TEDSON, THORNLEY & CO., ROCHDALE



LEWIS CARROLL, immortal  
creator of "Alice in Wonderland,"  
to one of his many child friends—

"Do not suppose I didn't write,  
hundreds of times: the difficulty has  
been . . . I directed the letters so  
violently that they went far beyond  
the mark—some were picked up at  
the other end of Russia. After that  
I . . . directed the letters so gently  
that one of them only reached the  
other side of the room."

FASCINATING traits of genius  
caught off guard, revealed in  
letters, are treasured for gen-  
erations. Humour, sympathy,  
every human quality—and  
failing—is revealed when pen  
is set to paper. It is not chance  
that for many years people of  
discrimination have used  
Basildon Bond notepaper.

*Basildon Bond*

BRITAIN'S MOST DISTINGUISHED NOTEPAPER

Very special reservation...



Make way for the AB Cooker, First-  
Class throughout! Designed to grace  
the space you've planned for it  
in your kitchen, the AB Cooker  
is the essence of labour-saving  
science—cooking and water heating  
in one unit, automatic fuel feed, even  
heat distribution, high temperatures  
at a moment's notice—all especially  
developed for the modern home.

FEDERATED SALES LIMITED

Dept. P.80, 80 Grosvenor Street, London, W.1

BUT WHAT YOU NEED IS  
SOMETHING TO REACH RIGHT  
INTO THE S-BEND



There's only one way to make sure  
you reach the S-Bend, the pipe at  
the back of the lavatory. And that is  
by using Harpic, which is specially  
made for lavatory cleaning. Harpic  
sweeps right round into the S bend  
where no brush can reach—leaves  
the whole pan spotless.

Supplies of Harpic are  
not plentiful yet, but we  
are doing our best to im-  
prove them.

Harpic sweeps right  
round the S-bend where  
no brush or cloth can  
reach—leaves the whole  
bowl clean and sweet



**HARPIC**

Made specially for the lavatory

Harpic Mfg. Co. Ltd., Hull & London



GUMPTION PRODUCTS LTD., LONDON, W.1

*For  
very fine  
wines*



OLD CUSTOMERS are in-  
formed that limited supplies  
will shortly be available of HAWKER'S  
"PEDRO DA FONTE" & "HUNTING"  
PORT at 180/- and 210/- a dozen, and  
HAWKER'S "FINO" Sherry at 204/- a dozen.

**HAWKER'S  
OF PLYMOUTH**

SOLE MANAGERS OF THE FAMOUS PEDLAR BRAND SLOE GIN

"You 'water' it on the grass and it kills the weeds — but only the weeds!"



## 'VERDONE'

selective weedkiller for lawns  
CHOOSES THE WEEDS  
REFUSES THE GRASS  
1 GALLON. 25/- TREATS 400 SQ. YDS.



Write for descriptive leaflet to  
PLANT PROTECTION LTD. YALDING · KENT



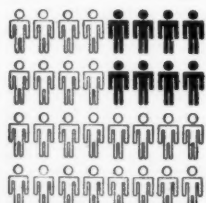
You're in the best of  
company with a



Some of the little  
luxuries of life that  
have been so difficult  
to obtain are  
gradually coming  
back — and one  
of these is the  
Sunbeam.

SUNBEAM CYCLES LIMITED · BIRMINGHAM 11

## Note these Facts



A recent medical test of an industrial group proved that Colds and 'Flu were the greatest individual time-losers, causing nearly one quarter of total absenteeism. Colds and 'Flu can be relieved safely and speedily by taking two tablets of 'Genasprin' in a little water — so can

**RHEUMATIC PAIN,  
NEURITIS,  
SLEEPLESSNESS,  
TOOTHACHE AND  
HEADACHE.**

Supplies are limited but your chemist will see you get your share.  
Prices 1/5d. and 2/3d.

At any time  
of strain or pain

**'Genasprin'**

sees you through!

The word 'Genasprin' is the registered  
trade mark of  
Genasolman Ltd., Loughborough, Leics. 10A

## BEDTIME STORY

on the wings  
of a ship



Seven o'clock — and all's well with this young traveller and his mother. What a story she could tell, woven from romance, as they sail over the seas on the wings of a great Short flying boat! It is a fine ship, as large as Columbus's "Santa Maria," which skims off the water like a bird, to land as gently on the other side of the ocean.

Dinner is served — upstairs in the dining saloon. The hull of a Short boat permits arrangements on two decks, with amenities not to be found in land planes of comparable size. The passengers enjoy that grateful sense of well-being that comes from flying "over the sea in ships."

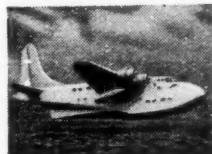
This year, next year — some time it will be your turn to travel. Enquire from your travel agent, then, the routes served by Short flying boats. At present they include U.K. to Africa, India, China, Australia, and New Zealand, as well as services in South America.

*It's fun to fly by flying boat!*

**Shorts**

THE BUILDERS OF FLYING BOATS  
The first manufacturers of aircraft in the world

Short Bros. (Rochester & Bedford) Ltd., Rochester · Short & Harland Ltd., Belfast



## KERFOOTS MEDICINAL LOZENGES

based on the skill  
and experience of  
three generations



THOMAS KERFOOT & Co., Ltd.  
Vale of Bardley · Lancashire

**H.R. Harmer**  
INTERNATIONAL  
STAMP AUCTIONEERS  
CATALOGUES OF WEEKLY SALES  
6<sup>p</sup> EACH, POST FREE  
39-42 NEW BOND ST LONDON, W.1  
AND AT NEW YORK \* TEL. MAYFAIR 0218

**KNOW** YOUR TYRES

## What do you mean by "mileage"?

A tyre may run 25,000 miles before the fabric shows but the only "mileage" that interests you is the length of time the tread is still capable of gripping the road under all conditions. Safety mileage depends on a perfect BALANCE between the depth and width of tread pattern in conjunction with the sidewall and fabric plies. The new INDIA balanced-construction tyre is the most advanced tyre obtainable today.



### ...WHITBREAD HORSES...



From an engraving by W. Ward, after the picture by G. Garrard 1792.

THE HOUSE OF WHITBREAD, famous as brewers for two centuries are well-known for their fine horses. On May 6th 1823, the diarist, Mr. Thomas Creevey, M.P., wrote:—

"I really had a most agreeable dinner at Sam Whitbread's brewery on Saturday . . . The entertainment of the day to me was going over the brewery after dinner by gaslight. A stable, brilliantly illuminated, containing ninety horses . . . is a sight to be seen nowhere but in this 'tight' little island! The beauty and amiability of the horses were quite affecting."

Est'd. 1742

**WHITBREAD**  
Brewers of Ale and Stout

## Their future his chief concern



From an army of several millions, it is inevitable that there should occur many cases of hardship—among ex-soldiers, their wives and children—that cannot be helped by official schemes of relief.

You and we are in these people's debt. The Army Benevolent Fund helps to provide the financial assistance they need, by making grants to the many Service Associations to which they go for help. It looks to you for the means.

We need every penny you can afford to send us, and will take care that it is well used for the relief of genuine distress. Please give with generosity.

**SUPPORT THE**  
**ARMY BENEVOLENT**  
**FUND** THE KING

PATRON: H.M.

• Donations payable to The Army Benevolent Fund may be sent to General Sir George Giffard, G.C.B., D.S.O., 20, Grosvenor Place, London, S.W.1, or paid into any Bank in Great Britain or N. Ireland.

(Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940.)

## Photography's 'TIME MICROSCOPE'



This 'Kodak' high-speed cine camera stretches split seconds into minutes, enables events, over in a flash, to be easily observed. Locating faults in high-speed machinery . . . testing a drop-forging hammer . . . the action of a shuttle in a loom . . . it is for such purposes that the high-speed camera is being used in industry. Movies can be made at 3000 frames a second — with the film streaking through at 120 m.p.h. ! By showing such movies at the normal 16 frames per second, time is 'magnified' nearly 200 times and valuable data is often obtained.

Can this camera help your industrial production?

WRITE TO **KODAK**

KODAK LTD • DEPT. P. 526 • KINGSWAY • LONDON • W.C.2



## Disorder

MUNTON-ON-SEA,

June 24th.

**M**Y DEAR HORACE,—The last thing anybody could call me is fussy, but I feel very strongly that when a man out of the kindness of his heart lends his orderly and systematically-arranged bachelor flat to a second-cousin and his family he has a right to expect a little consideration, and not on his return to find the place in a state of chaos roughly resembling Europe after a particularly successful bit of ravaging by Goths and Vandals.

My first inkling that all was not as it should be came when I fumbled for a spoon in the plate-basket and drew out a fork. Surely it should be clear to the meanest intelligence that if a plate-basket has three compartments, one compartment will be used for spoons, one for forks, and one for knives? Instead I was horrified to find them all mixed up just anyhow. As for the tin-opener, which obviously counts for sorting purposes as a knife, I not only failed to find it in the compartment reserved for knives, but absent altogether from the plate-basket, and after a long and arduous search I ran it to earth of all places in the boot-brush box. Nor did I see much humour in your attempt to

strike a balance by hanging the shoe-horn behind the kitchen door on the hook which rightly belongs to the gravy-strainer.

I do not wish to dilate unduly on the various enormities perpetrated by your children, because quite frankly it is only the sort of thing one would expect from the way they are being brought up. You have heard my views more than once on this subject, and there is little to be gained by going over the ground again, but if they feel absolutely impelled to draw long beards on the faces of the ladies in the *Vicar of Wakefield* with William Mulready's illustrations I wish they would use pencil instead of ink.

With the present shortage of food in this country it would ill become me to say anything that would discourage them from shrimping, but I wish they would either eat the shrimps they catch or else throw them back, because their choice of receptacles for these creatures is by no means happy. I found five shrimps floating in the Crown Derby bowl intended for visiting-cards on the occasional table in the entrance-hall, and a large crab in the silver cup which I won in the club snooker handicap last winter, and which has to be returned in good condition in September.

I suppose I should be grateful for

Euphemia's kindness in effecting a complete reorganization of my larder, but it has only led to heartburning. Soda has always hitherto been kept in the tin labelled salt, and salt in the tin labelled spices, and to find that the salt had suddenly gone into the tin labelled salt, and that the stuff in the spice tin was soda, after sprinkling the latter freely in some mashed potatoes in which a good deal of butter had been sunk, was very disturbing.

All these misadventures, however, I might have taken with a light laugh had it not been for what has just happened in the bathroom. From time immemorial I have kept the new tin of effervescing saline on the left-hand side of the glass containing my tooth-brush, and an old tin bearing the same label but with a slit in the top to receive old razor-blades on the right-hand side of the glass containing my tooth-brush. Some member of your family evidently transposed the tins, and in the semi-darkness I did not notice until too late. If you have ever thrown back your head to swallow a refreshing draught of effervescing saline and found your mouth full of old razor-blades you will understand the feelings that have prompted me to write this letter.

Your affectionate second-cousin,

LIONEL.

## By Hereford

I THINK there is some pollen in the air,  
I think there is some parsley on the breeze,  
I know the world is wonderfully fair,  
This is the soul of England. I must sneeze.

On such a morn as this when barons woke  
To make their challenge for the English crown  
Came March and Mortimer and Bolingbroke,  
And I should like to have the wind-screen down.

Some trumpet must have shrilled as loud as mine  
When all the meadow grasses were in flower

To shake the Yorkist or Lancastrian line  
And hurl to Wales the levies of Glendower.

Yes it was lovely in the late June light  
And every ambush set beside the way  
Spoiled by the sudden barking of a knight  
Who could not stand the scent of new-mown hay.

I think that we should rest a little while,  
Beside the shadow of these ancient trees,  
And gaze at yonder castellated pile—  
And talk of chivalry. And let me sneeze.  
EVOE.

## Charivaria

"A shortage of potatoes is always a problem at this time of the year," says Mr. Strachey. This makes it difficult to understand what is delaying the seasonable Food Ministry campaign to emphasize that they are bad for the feminine figure.

A doctor advises fasting for 48 hours a week. Many men fear that this may become universal in the home if housewives get equal work.



"'Girl's Head,' by Claude Venard. This French artist 'mixes paint with gusto . . .'"  
Caption in "Daily Mail."  
French for turps.

There has been an increasing tendency among visiting tennis players to scratch their matches this year. But there are always compensations. These withdrawals have of course meant more vacant courts for helicopters to touch down on.

"For long-haired rabbits, strong pre-war Bellows, good condition."—*Adv. in Berks. paper.*  
To make the fur fly?

After seeing a lavishly-produced American film a correspondent demanded his money back, but was informed at the box-office that the makers of the picture had thought of this first.



An Essex farmer has two hens that are inseparable and resent the approach of any other birds. The friendship ripened after they had become pen pals.

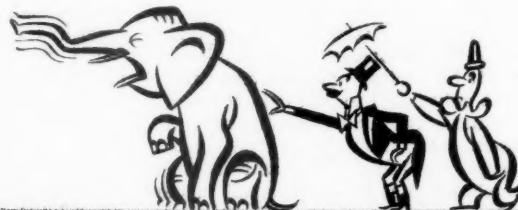
A psychic correspondent assures us that he can visualize the owner of any object he picks up. He only wishes he could describe the remarkable composite pictures that come through when he handles an umbrella.

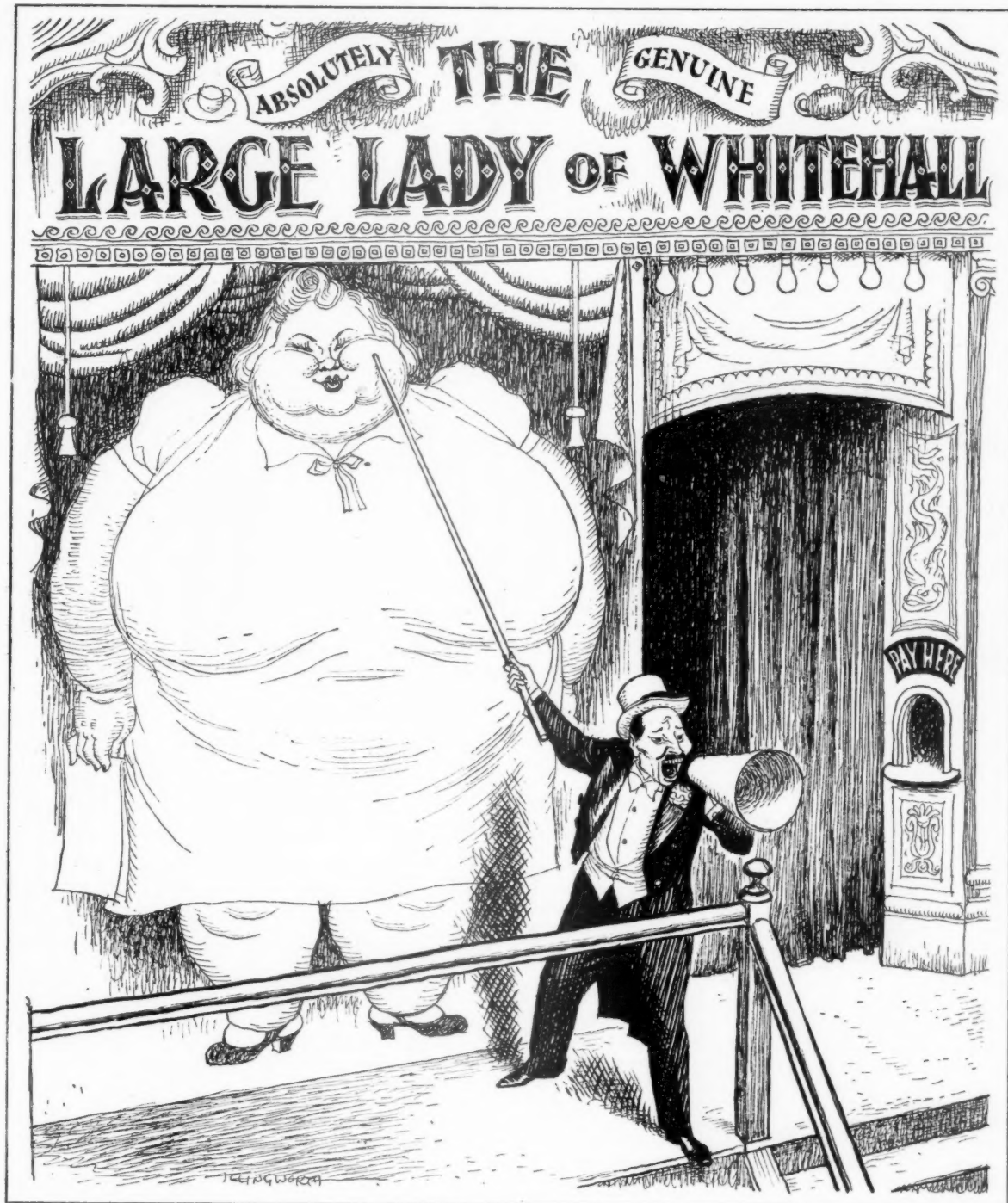
"TWO CLAIM WORLD  
LIGHT-WEIGHT TITLE  
Dispute to be settled in the  
ring."  
Headings in "Union Jack."  
What an idea!

A London baker writes to a newspaper to say he is about to take his first holiday for thirty years. Now he is going out for a 100 per cent. loaf.

"After being with their chief, Insp. F. R——, who joined the Bristol Constabulary in 1919 for a few minutes . . ."—*Bristol paper.*  
That means a very small pension, surely?

During a broadcast the proprietor of a travelling menagerie mentioned that one of his elephants had its own special handkerchief, two yards square, because it so often suffered from a cold. Needless to say no knot has ever been found in it.





**NO PADDING AT ALL**

[“I regret the fashion now current in some quarters of speaking slightly of the Civil Service.”]



"Same address, I presume, sir—St. Mark's Vicarage, near Newmarket?"

## Weather

THIS article, as the title suggests, is mainly to do with weather, and unlike most such articles it proposes to deal with the way the public thinks the Government causes cold spells, heat waves, rainy summers, droughts and any other notable manifestation going on for any length of time. I think it is right to say that the Government is not held responsible for cloud-bursts in lunch-hours, grit in people's eyes, rattly windows or the fine half of the sky being the half that has already taken place; but that it certainly would be to blame if it rained every lunch-hour for a week, or if we got grit in our eyes every time we went out instead of every other time. (Rattly windows are excepted. People whose windows rattle daily are not thinking chiefly of the Government but of those little coloured wedges which they used to find in every drawer and which, for all they have done about it, are probably as easy to buy as ever.) Very short spells of bad weather are, as a rule, simply attributed to Life, which includes offices that have their lunch-hours when they do and the clothes people have put on that morning against their better judgment.

Going back to the Government, I want to make it clear that only silly people really think any Government can actually arrange anything so big and high up as the

weather. These are the people who grumble to strangers on buses, affording a quiet laugh to the sensible people who keep their beliefs to themselves.

MANY quite average types think that thermometers and barometers cause weather, in the sense that it cannot be as hot as eighty degrees until the thermometer reaches that figure. The stranglehold of the barometer is more a matter of prestige. This impressive piece of work, often containing a thermometer in its handle and given to mahogany, brass and antique writing on its face, has a dignified if banjo-shaped appearance and a tendency to be inherited and to hang in the hall which makes it almost as respected as a grandfather clock, and quite as associated with the smell of bacon and coffee. A barometer has two pointers—one moves when you twiddle the knob, the other when you hit the glass; but there is a strong rule against hitting a barometer—only one person may really even tap it without feeling furtive, and that is its owner or minder. Every barometer, like every dog, has some person who for the trouble of minding it may, if anyone will listen, claim the credit for its exploits. A barometer's exploits are actually rather depressing, for it uses its backstage knowledge of the Universe to tell us that the weather is

not so fine as we think. This it does by moving away from Very Dry, when, to the ordinary eye, the weather is as dry as anyone could wish, or never even getting there but hanging moodily around some damper section. I should have explained about the pointer you twiddle; it is there to show how far the other pointer could be said to have moved in twenty-four hours if people had not been messing about with it.

THE thermometer is a simple, honest instrument consisting simply of a glass tube trained up a kind of ruler. Each line on the ruler of the average thermometer means one degree, so that there are ten lines to ten degrees, but the average thermometer-reader counts to make sure; psychologists say this has something to do with the centimetres on school rulers. Inside the glass tube is a line of mercury going up and down according to how hot life is, and it really does try to keep up with the weather and not bother its head about the future. The only trouble is that a thermometer, being small and hanging from whatever nail its owners choose, knows no more than its immediate surroundings and would take a neighbouring gas-cooker as part of the climatic set-up. Most owners hang their thermometers in the shade outdoors, arguing that if a thermometer gets hot because of the sun on the crazy paving, so do they. On the whole we may take it that the weather is pretty much what our thermometer says, and a bit more—or less—besides if our friends have done better. I should mention that anyone having to look up to read a thermometer gets a false result; this is merely an optical illusion which cannot be dealt with satisfactorily by people jumping up and concentrating as they pass eye-level. As for the figures on a thermometer, all I want to say is that eighty and thirty-two are the standards above and below which people queue to buy newspapers to read how hot or cold they are.

NOW I come to a very important aspect of weather: records, or the queer truth that every hot or cold day is the hottest or coldest for fifty years. This has led people younger than fifty to believe that those many years ago ended what polka-fans call The Days, and that it is hopeless to compete; but if my readers followed the records in the recent heat-wave—a job calling for unparalleled concentration and lunch-time editions—they may have a hazy idea that here and there a fifty-year record really did go. Sociologists say, indeed, that if things go on like this the newspapers will have to find another set of weather-headlines, and that this may be to their advantage, for no longer will the averagely bright headline-glimpser get the whole story from seeing 0 YEARS between two hats in a bus; but psychologists disagree, knowing as they do that to read a headline that tells you everything is to wish fiercely that you had been in time to buy a paper yourself.

Mention of records leads me off weather for a moment, for I may not again be able to fit in a paragraph on what happens when a record occurs at, say, a cricket match, that being about the only sort of match where the spectators are alive to potential records. A lot of them, of course,

wouldn't know if their cleverer friends hadn't told them, one of the features of cricket spectators being that, keen as they all must be to have got there at all, nearly every group or entity within the whole mass consists of explainers and explainees. Sometimes the grading is very subtle, for two co-watchers may seem equally expert to the simple folk in front, but psychologists say there is nothing like a cricket match for reciprocal assessment, or nothing except a football match, a point-to-point, a first performance of a symphony, a walk round an art museum and all the other occasions where a general keenness on life is suddenly not much help. But I was talking about records, which in a cricket match usually means some team, or some part of it, getting more runs in a certain way than have ever been got before. That part of it is the players' business, but the spectators have a definite rôle; a mixture of hypnotism (which entails sitting very still and thinking very positively), eating their sandwiches before they meant to, being chatty with their surroundings, keeping a specially stern eye on any clouds and apologizing extra nicely for sitting on the edge of anyone's macintosh. With all this keenness it is only natural that the people who actually see a cricket record being broken feel they have had some part in it; in other words, that the other people had nothing to do with it and that if they themselves hadn't been there it couldn't have happened.

RETURNING to my original subject to end with, I propose to make an observation on shadows, those by-products of sunshine which tend not to be noticed when they are not there and not to be noticed much, unless big enough to get into, when they are.

Nevertheless shadows are interesting things, particularly our own. I think my readers will agree that they have a high opinion of their own shadow, the chief feature being its nicely conventional outline, just—except for the bit of hair sticking out—as if it was someone else's; a thing you could hardly claim for our own reflection in a looking-glass, for that could never be anyone but us, even if for one dreadfully unprejudiced moment we thought it was.

## River Nocturne

IT is not day,  
it is not night:  
the air,  
as still as painted light,  
smells of the shower  
that damped the hay,  
and is as bland  
as new cooled milk.

Enchanted hour!  
The weir's loom weaves  
its endless length of watersilk  
with random patterns  
of wild-rose leaves.  
Lean on the bridge—  
What do you see?  
imprisoned,  
held back,  
yet floating free,  
Rapunzel's golden hair.  
Wayfarer, stand and stare.

It is not night,  
it is not day:  
look in the mill-pool's mirror:  
deem  
the light from all the evening  
sky  
has silvered it—  
but darker dream  
the magic sleeping images  
than, in the dimming air,  
the trees  
brood, tranced,  
above the stream.

Dive,  
midnight bather!  
But beware—  
flowers deadlier far  
than nightshade is  
lurk in the shadows there.

R. C. S.

## Only a Pound a Year.

"DEAR Aunt Susan," I write, and chew my pen. It is hard to concentrate, because the soprano is working up to a top note. "Un—til we me-he-heet," she sings—"Un—til we gre-he-heet..." And the orchestra pumps up excitably.

"Are you listening to this?" I shout through the open door. It is open because my pretty slave is washing a salad under the kitchen tap but does not like to miss the Tuesday Fusillade or the repeat of the Wednesday Fanfaronade, or whatever it is. There is no answer. As I shout again my pen utters a sly blob of ink in the middle of the page. I crumple up the paper and switch off the wireless.

"What's the matter?" says a voice from the doorway, surprised and hurt.

"What do you mean, what's the matter?"

"Why have you switched off?"

"Well, I asked twice if—"

"But it's the Balloon Song from Kerblonka!"

"I see."

I switch on again.

"... and all the QUEEP we had, and all the SKREEP we had, ern—teel we..."

"And after that it's the last instalment of The Pinbowl Affair."

"Ernteel we QUEEP... ernteel we SKREEP..."

"The last instalment of what?"

But she has gone back to the tap. Perhaps it is reasonable, after all, to be unable to hear me and yet to hear the soprano, who has taken a breath that would inflate a bus tyre at a puff and is presently going to let me have it with both barrels. "Ern—teel we"—pump-pump-pump from the orchestra—"... ker-YAAOOWL!" That's it. One of these days as she gets that note a quiet man in the audience will pull out a gun and shoot her.

The wireless hisses menacingly.

"Dear Aunt—"

Crash, crash! The two brassy chords move my chair a full inch. Then atmosphere music... sizzle-izzle-izzle...

Ah, well. The least a man can do when his slave is slaving at the sink while he sits restfully at his bureau—

It appears that Clinton Webley, the private detective who helps the Home Secretary to run Scotland Yard, has led the police to a deserted wharf. It is night. It is raining. "Careful, Sir Edward; if the strangler—look out, man!" (Creak, splinter, scrape-scrape, splash.) "Superintendent, take twenty men and fish out Sir Edward before he gets to the weir. Bradfield, Hotspur,

search the wharf. Nobody is to leave. Follow me, Killick, and..." (Fearful scream.) "Helen, what on earth—! Great Scot! Don't look, darling, it's too horrible; half his head's been..."

"What's happened so far? Have they got Clinton Webley? Last week they threatened—"

"Yes. Dead. Half his head's been—"

"Oh, no! Why, he's the—"

"Bad business, Killick. And to think we suspected poor Mr. Paloma of being the strangler!"

"Darling, you are a fool. That's Clinton speaking."

"My mistake."

"Anyway, you might listen. It's your supper I'm getting, after all."

"All right. Who was Mr. Paloma?"

No reply. Only the sound of radishes in a colander.

"Dear Aunt Wharf—"

"Ricketts, don't lean in the doorway like that. I want to—Ricketts!"

(Slither, boom.) "Good heavens, I touched him and he fell. He's... dead. Roll him in the corner, Fletcher—Ah, Bradfield, here's Sir Edward. Get him under the arms, Hotspur. Now then, all together... oogh! agh! ergh!"

(scrape, rattle, drip-drip-trickle). "By Jove! What's that in his hand... a small mahogany pinbowl—!"

"Darling, is this enough lettuce? What's happened so far?"

"Yes. Oh, a number of deaths. Sir Edward's the strangler. He was clutching a pinbowl when they—"

"Oh, that was just planted. You'll see. He's the Commissioner, so they—"

"Ah, Strike-a-light, so we meet again..."

"Who's Strike-a-light?"

"Oh, he's a man who keeps turning up everywhere. But he can't be the strangler because when they found the body of Mrs. de Lisle in the lift—"

"Who's Mrs. de Lisle?"

"Well, when Lord Grillett was strangled—"

"Who's—?"

But she has gone. Music swells. My inkstand vibrates chatteringly. There is a sound of omnibuses grinding and clanking through their monstrous gear-boxes. "Good man, Bradfield, keep your foot on the gas—look out, he's got a gun!" (Bang, tinkle.) "Anybody hurt? Good—"

"What's happening now?"

"They all seem to be tearing about in buses."

"They always sound like that. It's only the police car and the one they're chasing. We've missed a bit, because it's only three minutes to the end of the programme and they've got to get him by then."

"Get who?"

"Whoever's in the other car, stupid. There'll be a chase and a crash, and then they'll see who it is."

"Dear Aunt Chase—"

The bus or car goes into a long, screaming skid, demolishes an acre of greenhouses, several stout hoardings and a small coppice, explodes and catches fire...

My slave runs in brandishing a cucumber and hysterically demanding the score to date.

"The whole cast's dead. No one could have survived."

"Darling, don't be—!"

"Helen, are you all right? Thank heavens! Bradfield, Hotspur? Good. Lucky all being thrown clear like that. Follow me..."

"I told you not to be stupid."

"Sorry."

"Turn it up loud while I wash these onions, because there'll be explanations."

I turn it up and a voice bawls smugly: "... JUST ONE MISTAKE, STRIKE-A-LIGHT, STEALING THE PINBOWL FROM EDDIE GONZALEZ IN THE TURKISH BATH. ALL RIGHT, MEN, TAKE HIM AWAY..."

I switched off with a sigh.

"Don't switch off, darling," calls my pretty slave, "otherwise we shall miss—"

I switch on with a sigh.

"In to-night's Massed Bands programme..."

"Dear Aunt Sousa: Just a short march..." J. B. B.



Dedicated with admiration to the B.B.C. commentators who so successfully keep up the excitement through the long hours of an unseen Test Match:



"Now Soandso is walking back to—



bowl again.



He's turning.



He's starting—



his run!



Here be—



comes!!



He's coming up—



to the wicket!!!



He's—



JUST—



GOING TO—



BOWL!!!!



He's—



BOWLING—



NOW!!!!!!



HE—



BOWLS!!!!!!



AND—



Whatsisname puts it gently away with a nice safe defensive stroke and the score is still 246 for 2."

## An Innocent in Britain

(Mr. Punch's special correspondent is on tour to find out how the land lies for visitors from overseas.)

### IV—Cheltenham and the Cotswolds

IT was a pleasant room with tall windows overlooking a patch of lawn pranked with daisies, and it contained a score of munching guests, a defunct marble clock, three large oil-paintings which looked as though they'd been varnished repeatedly with creosote, and a monstrosity ornate sideboard. I sat down at the nearest table—a bit shy on my first morning—and opened a newspaper.

Ten minutes later I had mastered the cricket news and was losing interest in the first leader when someone touched my elbow. I looked up and saw, in ascending order, a jacket of excellent but threadbare broadcloth with five flap-pockets, a club-tie that had obviously served as a bib, and a face deeply grooved, permanently sunburnt and decorated with the whitest of moustaches. He smiled inscrutably.



Central Spa—"Eleveneses."

"Er—excuse me, but I thought I'd let y'know—we help ourselves here. Crisis an' all that, y'know."

So I took my plate over to the sideboard and ferreted in the salad-bowl with a cumbrous plastic fork. My fellow-guests at From Dene smiled sympathetically: I was still the new boy. Afterwards I queued up at the gas-fire to toast my slice of bread and, lacking rations and points, ate it dry and unmarmaladed.

I have described my first breakfast in Cheltenham in embarrassing detail in order to clear up a popular misconception. There are splendid hotels here, there are good restaurants, but their accommodation is limited and their prices are generally beyond the means of our hard-hit *rentiers*. When the rush of pensioners from India swells the ranks of Cheltenham's old contemptibles there'll barely be enough room to swing a Bengal tiger in.

"Little India" is, of course, one of Britain's most famous watering-places. The mineral springs were discovered way back in . . . let me see, now . . . yes, about 1716, and the first pump-room was erected in 1738, just in time for the eighteenth-century novelists. From that moment the old Saxon settlement became a fashionable resort, and after the visit of the King . . . Which king, Mrs. Upscheider? Why—er—George the Third . . . and the royal princesses in 1788, it became *the* fashionable resort. Much water has bubbled up into the pump-rooms of Pittville and Montpellier since those days and *the* fashionable resort has now become a fashionable spa.

After sampling the waters of Cheltenham, which are by no means unpleasant by modern standards, one should relax after the manner of the opium-smoker. While the solution is distributing its restorative salts and metals about the body the mind should be left slightly ajar to allow bracing reflections to come and go as they please. Lying on my back in the Pittville gardens, in full view of the rowers and the swans, with a military band blowing a very fair version of *William Tell* in the far distance, I mused on the circumstances behind the remarkable revival of water in the eighteenth century. Hitherto, remember, the stuff had slumped heavily and was out of favour whether for internal or external application. Everything the Romans had taught was forgotten. And then, quite suddenly, I suspect, some genius arose to tickle the jaded palate and sophisticated imagination of the Quality with something fabulously new, personalized, breathlessly captivating, different . . . a *must* . . . WATER!

I can almost hear the delighted giggles of appreciation. Why, what jolly fun—water! And there and then, with much raillery and wit, with such a sighing, a fluttering of eye-lids, a consulting of diaries, papas and mamas, the drawing-room divides itself into chaise-parties for Cheltenham. The genius behind the movement may be known and recognized—my researches haven't taken me very far—but he should certainly go down in history as a pioneer of modern salesmanship.

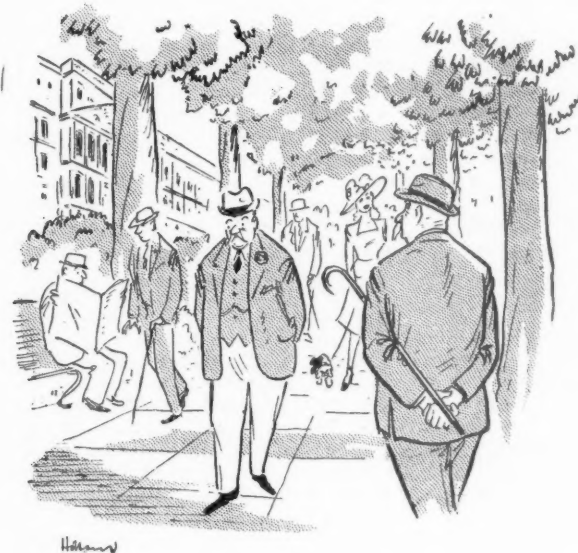
Of course gout is not now the occupational disease of clubmen and ruling classes it was once, and the demand for healing waters must have diminished to some extent, but Cheltenham may gather in a fine harvest of gastro-intestinals before the food situation improves. In all fairness let me add that this is a three-in-one spa, that the waters of Carlsbad, Marienbad, Kissingen, Baden, Bridesles-Bains and Wiesbaden seem pretty thin when compared with Cheltenham's Fieldholme, Lansdown, Pittville and Chadnor Villa, and that if you want the best twin salt saline, sodium sulphate saline, alkaline saline and magnesium and calcium saline we have them—all of them. No, not another glass now, Miss Franklin; you've had quite enough for one day.

Cheltenham's Promenade must surely be one of the most stately and beautiful thoroughfares in Britain, especially when it is painted. Come to think of it, I have never seen a town where paint, old and blistering or new and dazzling, is so much in evidence. It covers the smooth façades of the Regency terraces, the baroque balconies and what is left of the wrought-iron: it is reflected in the pink pavements and the hoary, native freestone houses. I got the impression that Cheltenham was expecting another heavy fall of paint soon.

But I am neglecting my duties as guide, and Mrs. Upscheider is wearying just a little of the procession of retired colonels and civil servants, holiday-makers, and glamorous spinsters with their pekes and poodles. There is young Cheltenham, too. Indeed, there are so many schools, colleges, academies, écoles, conservatoires and salons de this and that in Cheltenham that the visitor soon feels naked without a mortar-board. Why there are quite so many I do not know, but in my simple empirical way I put it all down to natural aggregation—India and the “Cheltenham Flyer.” They teach the rope-trick here, I’m told.

For entertainment there is archery, racing, boating . . . and cricket. This is a spot rich with memories of W. G. Grace, Gilbert Jessop . . . Yes, Miss Franklin, I suppose you could call him an English Babe Ruth . . . and Walter Hammond. You can inspect the House-That-Tennyson-Lived-In, the Neptune fountain and scores of monograms cut by G.I.s during the war . . .

But Cheltenham, for all its wonders, is really only an elaborate gateway to the Cotswolds, that celebrated ridge of limestone draped with fairest grass and woodland. These low hills are but part of a tenuous outcrop extending all the way from the Yorkshire moors to Portland Bill and cutting England in two geologically and (very roughly) industrially, and they are almost completely undamaged. Here man has added to natural beauty by rearranging the pattern of the rocks, by bringing the honey-coloured stone to the surface to make trim manors and walls, and by stippling the landscape with sheep and cows. The old industries of the Cotswolds, even where they are dead or dying, leave no disfigurements, only neat patches and



*Constitutionalists, the Prom.*

harmonious ruins. Why is it that tumbled brick can be so ugly when tumbled stone can win a row of Oscars from the meanest heart?

Trying too hard to please the tourist a few spots have, I think, shed a little of their native charm. Broadway, for example, is slightly tainted with Glamour, as though it had picked up an accent from the Great White Way itself. But Moreton-in-Marsh, Chipping Camden, Burford,

Bibury and the Slaughters seem incorruptible. I have never seen water as clear and as clean as the Windrush—not even in the pump-rooms. In Bourton and Lower (?) Slaughter it flows over a bed so spotless that I feel sure they must change the sheets twice a day. It must go hard in these parts with any youngster who starts throwing stones, or with fish untidy in their habits.



At one of the Slaughters I got caught in a downpour of genuine West-of-England rain, and after hopping for shelter vainly from one old elm to another I climbed a rickety ladder and found sanctuary in a hay-loft which must have been at least two hundred years old. I pulled out a pocket-book, listened for a few minutes to the scuffling of cows in their stalls beneath me and to the sweet humming of the rain, and fell asleep.

I awoke to hear voices in the yard.

“Ah, ‘e be gooin’ t’ Glorsterr s’afternoon t’ see about ‘is priory.”

“Ah.”

“Ah, can’t dew much, you can’t, these days wi’out a priory.”

“Ah.”

There was more talk and more ah-ing about girls, cows and cricket, and then the rain ceased and work was resumed. It was all very interesting; but why people in this part of Britain should be worrying about priorities I couldn’t imagine.

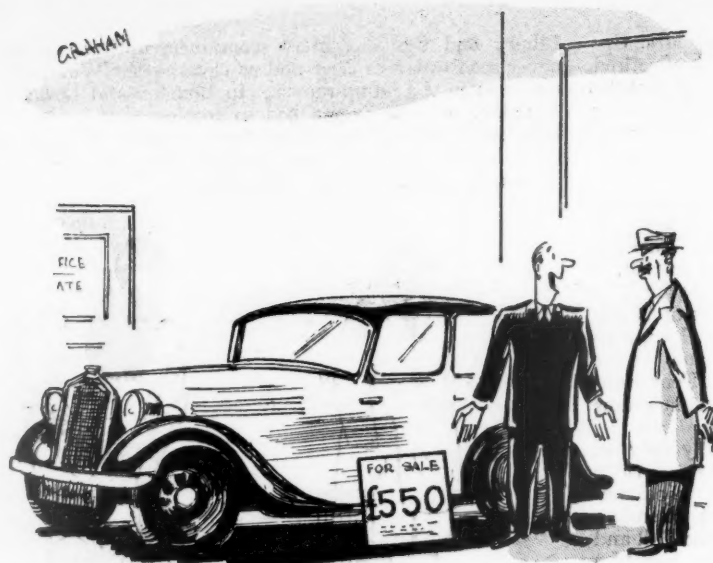
They’ve got them.

HOD.

“3. Subsection (1) of section thirty-four of the Principal Ordinance, as enacted by section four of the Income Tax (Amendment No. 3) Ordinance, 1941, is hereby amended by the substitution for the words ‘twenty-five cents’ (for which words there were substituted, by section five of the Income Tax (Amendment) Ordinance, 1944, by section three of the Expiring Laws Continuance Ordinance, 1944, and by section two of the Income Tax (Amendment) Ordinance, 1946, the words ‘thirty-three and one-third cents’ in respect of the years of assessment nineteen hundred and forty-four, nineteen hundred and forty-five and nineteen hundred and forty-six only) of the words ‘forty cents.’”

*From a Government Ordinance about Income Tax in British Guiana.*

Hardly seems worth it, does it?



"Put an engine in her and she's ready to drive away."

## A Gallop Poll

A QUESTIONNAIRE addressed to a representative cross-section of leading race-horses has yielded some interesting results.

*Question One.—Do you really care for horse-racing?*

38 per cent. said "Yes."

52 per cent. said "No."

10 per cent. said "Don't know."

The answers showed sharp differences of opinion between age- and occupation-groups. Of the 38 per cent. who said "Yes," 79 per cent. were jumpers (hurdle or steeplechase), and 63 per cent. were three-year-old or under. 36 per cent. were more than three—

[*Editor.* I am a little confused about these percentages. What is 63 per cent. of 38 per cent.?

*Author.* You have to work that out yourself.

*Editor.* But—

*Author.* That is the way we do these polls.

*Editor.* But there seems to be a horse missing. Surely 63 per cent. plus 36 per cent. makes 99 per cent.?

*Author.* There is a horse missing. He is twenty-one years old, and was considered unsuitable for a cross-section. Besides, he didn't know.

*Editor.* Very well. Go on.]

*Small Ben*, the veteran steeplechaser, said: "Of course, I enjoy a Grand National. Every obstacle is a separate problem on its own, requiring special technique and skill. But flat-racing? I cannot see the point of it. Any ass

can run across a field if there are no fences. And why there should be all this fuss about horses doing it I cannot imagine. I did a little of it when I was a colt, but I found it the greatest bore. Give me Becher's Brook!"

*Ariadne* (by *Greek Fire* out of *Maiden's Blush*) said: "I love it! The crowds! The noise! And all those nice people peering at one in the Paddock. It's fun."

*Beaconsfield*, however, the veteran flat-race wonder horse, winner of the Derby, the St. Leger, and the Gold Cup (twice), said: "In my youth I enjoyed a good deal of it. The Derby was quite a good rag. I liked the knockabout turn at Tattenham Corner, though the language used by some of the horses was disgusting. But now —? Why a horse of my age should be expected to race for long distances against younger animals—very often carrying heavy weights—is more than I can understand. All I want to do is to stay at home and eat a quiet oat. However, I am a great admirer of Mr. Herbert Morrison, and I realize that we have all got to do our bit, however silly."

*Question Two.—Do you mind losing?*

74 per cent. said "No."

14 per cent. said "Yes."

10 per cent. said "Don't know."

[*Editor.* But now there are two missing.

*Author.* They did not fill up their forms in time.]

Here there was no clear-cut line between age-groups, though a slight but significant No-trend—

[*Editor.* How do you mean—"significant"? Significant of what?

*Author.* That is the sort of thing we have always said: and we really cannot alter our entire technique to please you.]

—a slight but significant No-trend was noticeable in the higher age-groups.

*Molasses II* said: "I always like to be in front, because I find horses rather a bore, and many of them will talk all the time. Therefore I always start as fast as I can. If the others catch me up I drop back, and get rid of them that way. If I can be alone, I would just as soon be last as first, though first is better, for then I cannot see any horses."

*King of the Castle* said: "Certainly. I have the will to win very strongly developed. I know it is childish of me, and I have tried to cure myself. I tell myself that it is the sport that matters, that the exercise is doing me good, and that, after all, it does not matter much to the ultimate scheme of things if I arrive first or not. It is no good. I long to win. I hate the horse in front. If I am beaten, I sulk for days. I bite the woodwork of my stable. If I get a chance to bite a stable-boy I do. They said I am 'highly-strung.' Nonsense. It is simply a case of inferiority-neurosis."

*Queen of the May* said: "I could hardly care less."

*Manitoba Boy* said: "I am torn between two minds. On the one hand, I enjoy a good gallop and I am very much attached to my owner, who, I know, takes the whole thing very seriously. Also, I am keen on our standing up to the French horses: so I always do my best. On the other hand, I strongly disapprove of all this betting. My owner and trainer, I know, think of me as a horse and treat me accordingly. It is all the millions who think of me as a money-making device that annoy me. I might be a greyhound or part of a roulette-board. And the idea that if I win, at a 'long price'—'price' indeed!—me!—I shall bring masses of money to all sorts of low characters, male and female, who know nothing about me, who have never seen me, who could hardly tell if I am a grey, a gelding, or Mr. Gladstone, is to me at least inexpressibly frustrating, degrading and discouraging. Nevertheless, because of my relations with my owner and trainer, I win when I can and am sorry when I lose. But if you mean, am I personally—or should I say horsily—

upset, the answer is 'No.' There is no vanity in my make-up at all."

*Alcinous* said: "Yes. I'll tell you why. I've had enough racing and I want to go to stud. I have always wanted to go to America. The more often I win the sooner this will happen."

*Question Three.*—Would you care to give evidence before the Royal Commission on the Press?

81 per cent. said "Yes."

54 per cent. said "No."

14 per cent. said "Don't know."

[*Editor.* But—

*Author.* I know. I know. Forget it.]

*Manitoba Boy* vigorously attacked the Press's excessive attention to betting. "Look at the space," said the handsome boy, "devoted to a single day's racing compared with what the same paper will give to whole-day debates in the two Houses of Parliament. Is all this because the people are interested in improving the breed of the horse? Not on your life! It's the betting. If the Commission is looking into 'misrepresentation,' I should certainly like to submit a memorandum: for all this gives a wholly false view of the British character. If a horse came down from Mars he would think the country thought of nothing but betting!"

*Tudor Minstrel* said: "On the whole I have had a very fair deal from the Press. Indeed, I might almost complain of having had an excessive build-up. This often does one more harm than good."

*Chanteur II* said: "What I complain of is all the *personal* stuff. Look what they said about me the other day!"

"Chanteur II looked light and tucked up and was sweating profusely, his neck white with a soapy lather.

"Whatever his racing merit, he is a plain horse, and certainly looked the commoner of the party."

"A plain horse!" "Sweating profusely!" Would anyone dare to say such things about a public man? About a Minister, for example, after a speech in Parliament? Why should a public horse be treated so? It's always the same. Either we are sweating, or coughing, or 'on the leg,' or 'lightly built,' or have 'an unusual white patch behind the near fore-knee.' Look how they went on about that unfortunate horse with only one eye! Why drag that up? And do you remember poor Tishy? Just because he crossed his legs once! They made him a national laughing-stock for years. Disgusting."

(Another poll will be taken shortly.)

A. P. H.

## In the Park

LIGHT beams of light cross dark beams of dark  
As we lie and look up through the branches  
Of the beech trees in the park,

And gay girls in red and glum men in black  
Cross and recross the pathways and up and down the track,  
And the men are looking forwards and the girls are looking back.

Boy with a kite on a piece of string  
Goes with his nurse on the green, and looks at us,  
And begins to sing;

Boats on the water, birds on the bough,  
The sun chasing a cloud and a cloud chasing the sun,  
And my song's done now.



"I vote we stop here and walk up to the house."



"Don't fuss, 'Erbert—they'll be moving out any day now."

## Parasite's Paradise

THE garden holds the high, still peace of summer.  
All creatures hush; no bird-song, beetle-yell.  
My deck-chair hushes; *I* could not be dumber.  
Emerald peace! And, underneath it—hell!

This sun-spread scene of woodland, lawn and orchard,  
This green Jerusalem, this Mon Repos—  
The whole half-acre's being slowly tortured.  
(A rhyme designed to stimulate real woe.)

Look at the lily, dreaming on her lover,  
Drooping towards his wild embrace or hug!  
Look. Very closely. What do you discover?  
The drooping's caused by some revolting bug.

The nodding rose, the pendulous carnation  
Wilt in the green-fly's nauseating grip.  
Massed aphides of every coloration  
Are giving the herbaceous border gyp.

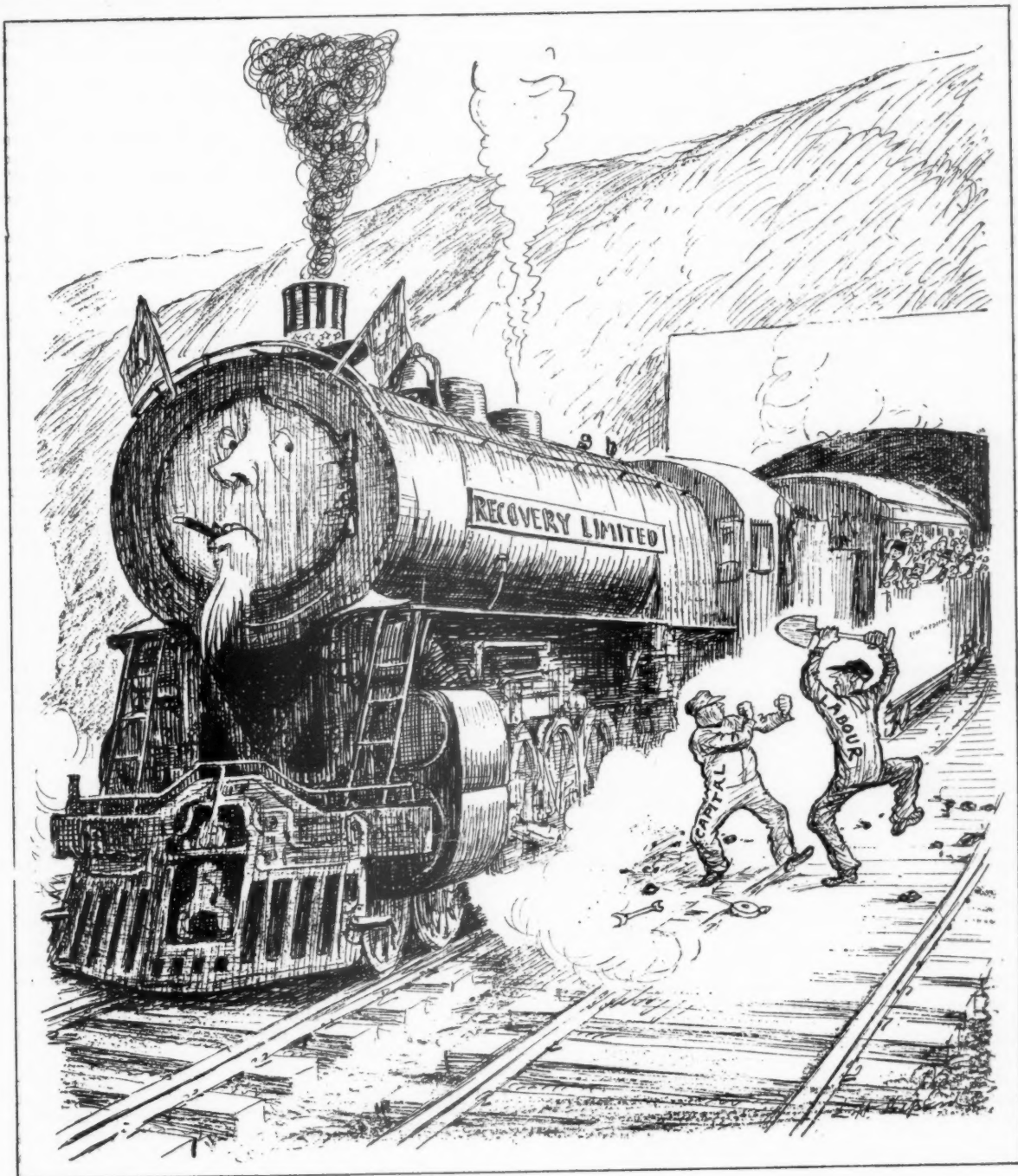
No noise! No rumour! But the broad-bean narrows,  
The drowsing pea is riddled by the worm,  
Uncounted molars masticate the marrows  
And make the sleeping spinach fairly squirm.

Unheard, ten million mandibles are smacking,  
Five million silent mouths are bulged with shrubs;  
The whole pleasaunce is getting a shellacking—  
Eden is being eaten by the grubs.

\* \* \* \* \*

This leads to very cosmic speculations—  
Is Peace no more than Hidden War, *e.g.*?  
Is Man a parasite? Are ants relations?  
Then should one bump them off with D.D.T.?

Reader—if any—each is a dilemma  
Which normally would cause me grave distress;  
However, this is Sunday and pip-emma,  
The sun is shining—I could not care less.



THE TRAIN OF THE WORLD

**MONDAY, June 23rd.**—With all their regard for tradition and history and that kind of thing, their Lordships can be extraordinarily "well up" in the current catchphrases. To-day, for instance, they were discovered (as the old-fashioned dramatists used to say) playing an elaborate topical charade.

Having put on the agenda a most impressive-looking (if verbally completely incomprehensible) proposal to make an alteration in that sacrosanct, though rarely employed, document The Standing Orders, Lord ADDISON, Leader of the House, rose solemnly to move his motion. His proposal was that there should be deleted from Standing Order XXXII words which ordered the doors to be locked after four minutes "as indicated by the sand-glass."

Lord SWINTON, leading the Opposition, put on a "Don't-tell-me-let-me-guess!" expression. Lord ADDISON explained that last week, when one of the many late divisions on the Transport Bill was being taken, some noble Lords had found themselves prisoners in the division lobbies, an age-old Standing Order having ruled that, while a division was in progress, the doors must e'er be locked. And the said fuming Nobles had lost their last coaches (or maybe it was tubes and buses) home. So the Standing Order had to be changed to mark the March of Time, and to ensure that their Lordships did not again have angrily to mark time while the last trains (which, like time and tide, wait for no man, however blue his blood) went their ways.

Lord SWINTON leaped up and remarked, with his best party manners (small "p," please, Mr. Printer), that it was most kind of the Government, and thanked Lord ADDISON very prettily. Their other Lordships went off a trifle puzzled by it all. Of course—if they've not yet worked it out—the answer to the charade was: "Open the Door, Richard."

The House passed on to the seemingly interminable Transport Bill once more.

The other place was qualifying for a change of name to The House of Quarrels. Mr. EMANUEL SHINWELL, the Minister of Fuel and Power, was using a few figurative tinkers' curses against the Opposition, the subject being the Government's Bill to nationalize the Electricity Industry. At least, that was the subject on the agenda. Most of the rows took place

## Impressions of Parliament

### Business Done:

**Monday, June 23rd.**—House of Lords: Open the Door, M'Lud! House of Commons: High Tension—and Sparks.

**Tuesday, June 24th.**—House of Commons: More Electricity.

**Wednesday, June 25th.**—House of Lords: Morning, Noon and Night. House of Commons: Aid for the Colonies.

**Thursday, June 26th.**—House of Commons: Under the Counter, And All That.

over items that seemed to have but little relation to that subject.

The Prime Minister's salary, for instance. That came up ("was raised" is not the phrase, in view of what followed) when complaint was made that the Government did not propose to give details of the salaries and emoluments to be paid to employees of the nationalized industry. Mr. ROB HUDSON alleged forthrightly that the Government was too fond of making

system, passed at a recent conference of the Labour Party at Margate.

But Mr. SHINWELL, who, besides being a Minister, is Chairman of the Party, perhaps naturally did not see the joke.

In fact, when his turn came to speak, he used a number of phrases which led everybody to expect that he would end up with a declaration that he did not care two hoots for Mr. HUDSON or his Party. However, he stopped short of that—although he did say Mr. HUDSON's speech was "disgraceful," and his reference to the Prime Minister's salary "only made for malicious propaganda." And, just to show who was boss, he refused to put into the Bill any provision that employees of the nationalized electrical industry should not be paid in kind as well as cash. By 231 votes to 99 the House supported his refusal.

There was another battle over the question whether people in the industry who had expressed a dislike for nationalization should receive special protection from "victimization." As this victimization was presumably to be carried out by the Minister, Mr. SHINWELL again showed himself unamused. He made a few remarks about "drones" and "idlers" and "rentiers"—all presumably on the benches opposite—and said that he should not appoint to high posts people who did not believe in nationalization, but that he certainly would not go in for "victimization."

"You mean," said Mr. HUDSON, "you're going to practise victimization, but to call it by another name!"

However, the House, by 258 votes to 95, decided that there was no risk of victimization.

Mr. ERNEST BEVIN, Foreign Secretary, announced amid loud cheers that Mr. MOLOTOV, Soviet Foreign Minister, had accepted an invitation to meet him and the French Foreign Minister, in Paris, to talk about the United States Government's offer of economic aid for Europe.

**TUESDAY, June 24th.**—The Prime Minister, to general cheering, voiced a stout defence of the Civil Service.



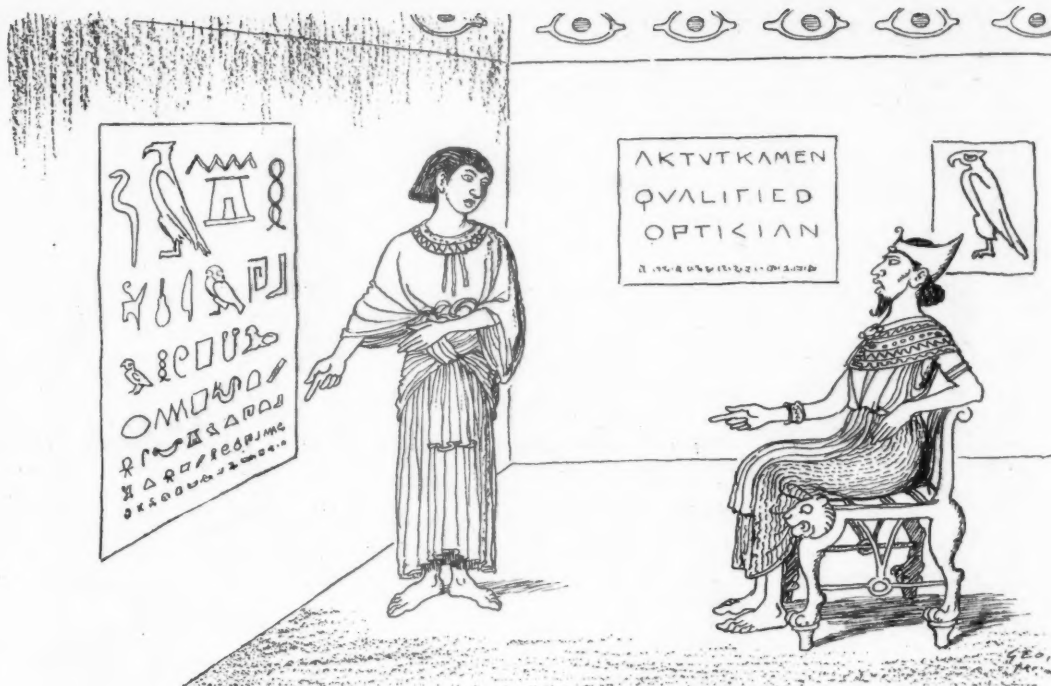
### Impressions of Parliamentarians

9. MR. WESTWOOD  
(Stirling and Falkirk),  
Secretary of State for Scotland

under-the-counter payments to its servants, from the Prime Minister downwards, in the form of free cars, flats and so on.

Since it cost about £3,000 a year to run a car (with chauffeur, surtax and running expenses), this meant that Cabinet Ministers really got £8,000 a year instead of the £5,000 officially announced. The Prime Minister got £4,000 of his £10,000 a year salary free of tax—and that, Mr. HUDSON told a gasping House, meant that he was really paid the equivalent of £100,000 a year, taxation being what it is.

"I don't really mind his getting that," said Mr. HUDSON handsomely, "but why not say he's getting £100,000



"I can't quite make out the bottom line—it looks like 7 1 3 2 0 — 2 3."

He was saying that there was little chance, with the work always increasing, of cutting down the size of the Civil Service. And he deplored the modern tendency to make rude remarks about the Civil Service, which served the nation faithfully in good times and in bad. The nation could not expect the best men and women to join the Service if these attacks went on.

There was complaint that the Royal Commission on the Press was taking evidence in secret, and Mr. HAYDN DAVIES, who had been primarily responsible for the setting up of the Commission, demonstrated his devotion to openness in all things by declaring that he found the Commission's procedure "repugnant." But Mr. ATTLEE said it had nothing to do with him, and that Royal Commissions were self-governing.

Then the House resumed the battle on the Electricity Bill.

At one point there was an abstruse and complicated discussion on "Tory housewives" (nobody explained what they were), and it seemed that they were (or were not—it was not clear) to be allowed to sit on committees connected with the supply of electricity. But it did seem apparent that if the

committees generate as much heat as did the discussion, there will be no freeze-up next winter.

**WEDNESDAY, June 25th.**—Their Lordships met before luncheon to-day, dashed off for a snack, resumed the sitting in the afternoon—and then sat after dinner until nearing midnight. Lord ADDISON, Leader of the House, trying (not very successfully) to look like Simon Legree, kept his noble serfs hard at it, but they did not seem to mind. They waded through the long and varied agenda like a gourmand dealing with a pre-war menu, and it was all done so calmly and sweetly.

Except, that is, when genial Lord WALKDEN (speaking, presumably, for the Government, since he is a Minister) expressed the view that all non-Trade Unionists must have an enlarged ego and a "queer mind," and Lords SWINTON and READING rose and chastised him for his "shocking" speech. The consideration of the Transport Bill went on.

But the nicest touch—one reminiscent of Tom Brown at Oxford—was this extract from the Official Report:

"Lord MANCROFT: I am reminded of an occasion when, with two other Members of your Lordships' House, I succeeded in inducing a small but

highly greased pig into the senior Common Room of an Oxford College.

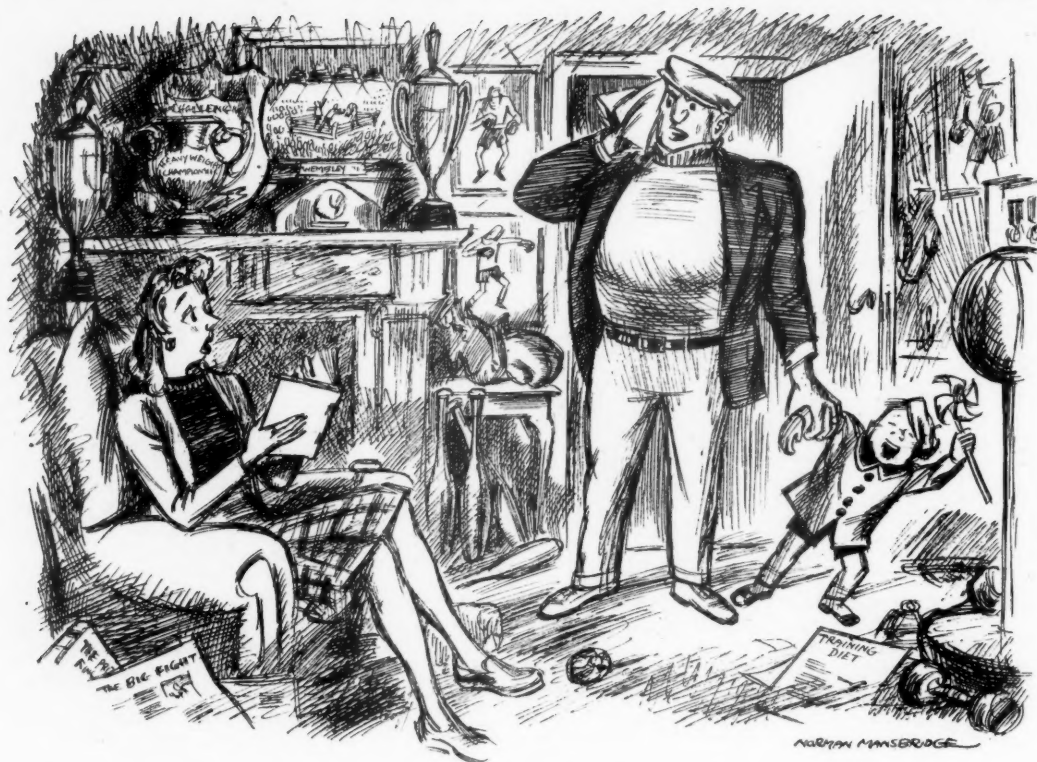
"Lord LINDSAY of BIRKER: It was you, was it?"

Lord LINDSAY is Master of Balliol.

There was a pleasantly non-Party atmosphere about the Commons—for a few minutes—when Mr. CREECH JONES, the Colonial Secretary, announced the setting up of a Colonial Development Corporation, with a capital of £100,000,000, to make the most of the Colonial Empire's resources for the benefit of the people of the Colonies and then of the world at large. The creation of this "valuable piece of machinery," as Colonel OLIVER STANLEY called it, got a cheer from all over the House.

**THURSDAY, June 26th.**—Brigadier MEDLICOTT and Mr. HERBERT BUTCHER, Liberal Nationals, produced from under the counter (so to say) two speeches as neat and well-knit as any the House has heard for a long time. The subject, appropriately, was the shortage of civilian goods. They asked for these goods as eloquently as any housewife could have done it.

But Sir STAFFORD CRIPPS, as firmly as any shopkeeper, said, in effect: "Sorry—No Civilian Goods."



"He's fair tired me out."

## The Whole Hog

IT was a night when little fish went wheeping to their dams, when strong men trembled for their rocking homesteads and when delicate persons tending to catarrh and driving home from country railway stations in cars leaking like colanders were in a very ugly temper. It was indeed a hog of a night. It broke the British Seepage-down-the-Neck record of 1911, it squeezed the sky as dry as an old sponge, and it gave me the worst cold I can remember since I coughed the canopy off my pram way back, oh, in the roaring zeros.

When at last I burst open the front door, having baled out my car, I was in the apparition category.

"Artificial respiration!" I howled "With plenty of sugar in it!"

Then I saw dimly, through the stream still sluicing down my face, that the hall was by no means empty. They looked at me coldly. Some of them, I noticed, were armed with fire-irons and all were in pyjamas.

"There is a big, very drunk, man with asthma in the cellar," they said.

Life can be the sourest hag. Here was I expecting kind unbuttoning fingers, a growing murmur of solicitude, a fruitful bustle in the kitchen, and all I got was a big drunk man with asthma in the cellar. I sat down at the foot of the stairs and wrestled with my tears, my twitching face framed in the melting jelly of my hat.

"Come," I said, "unless something is done about me quickly I have only a very short time to live. What madness is this?"

"He's been here about an hour."

"He must have got in through the cellar window."

"He keeps having windy spasms."

"In between the spasms he makes the unfriendliest noises."

"And in between that he just sits there in the dark waiting for us."

"Has he expressed any views himself?" I asked, wringing a few quarts out of my turn-ups.

"He won't answer."

"Well, what about it?"

I could see expectation registered all round me. It was a look I had seen

before at dirty moments, and it is one of the looks I like least.

"If you think I, a man momentarily embarking on pulmonary complications, am going to engage in battle in the middle of the night with this intoxicated blackguard of yours, probably a professional wrestler——"

"We do."

At that moment the cellar below us stirred powerfully. There was a coarse, gin-soaked cough like a punctured bagpipe and then a lot of angry thumping. I squelched over to the door and asked our visitor his age and weight in as commanding a voice as I could muster. Dead silence followed.

"If you're too much of a poltroon to go down, then you must ring up the police," they said. "He's almost certainly a murderer on the run."

"Whatever he is, he had better sleep it off," I replied, taking the main head of water out of my eyebrows with some blotting-paper. "I'm going to have a bath and go to bed, but first if it comforts you I'll fix the kettle and a few biscuit-tins outside the cellar

window so that any attempt at a getaway will not go unnoticed. . . .

In the middle of the night there was a sickening crash of tin-ware. Wrenched from heavy coma, I was persuaded to stagger out with a lamp and a massive coal-shovel. I crept towards the cellar window prepared to hit first and hard. The storm had by now passed into the monsoon stage, so it was not altogether surprising that a chimney-pot should have hit the kettle full pitch. Seeing the garden-roller standing on the lawn, I determined to make an end of suspense by lowering it into the small pit outside the window. It fitted nicely, and I felt that any criminal sober and ambitious enough to lift a roller bodily deserved to make his escape. . . .

In the morning, when spies brought me the intelligence that the roller was still in position, I had a rather peculiar conversation with the police, peculiar because it was about a big drunk man with asthma in the cellar and also because the main bearings of my voice had quite gone. The police wanted to know if I thought he was armed.

"Bore than ligly," I told them.

"Send plenty of ben in case, and let's hab some dear-gas and a flame-thrower and hab a real barty on the rates."

I came down from my sick-bed swathed in pink blankets to do the honours to a sergeant and two muscular constables. They looked grave.

"We think we know who it is, sir," said the sergeant. "Nasty bit of work, and there may be a spot of bother. I've more men in the van, but perhaps it'd be as well—"

I waved the women and children up into the dress-circle seats at the top of the stairs. The sergeant tiptoed to the cellar door and put his hand cautiously on the bolt.

"O.K.?" he asked.

"O.K., Sarge," said the two constables, crouched for action, their truncheons upraised in huge fists. As the old door swung slowly open I myself took a stout grip on my ash stick, the one with the sharp anti-cow spike in the end. The sergeant switched on the light, and there at the top of the cellar steps lay our intruder. Still sleeping it off. Smaller than I had expected. And a hedgehog.

ERIC.

## Tea-Time Turmoil

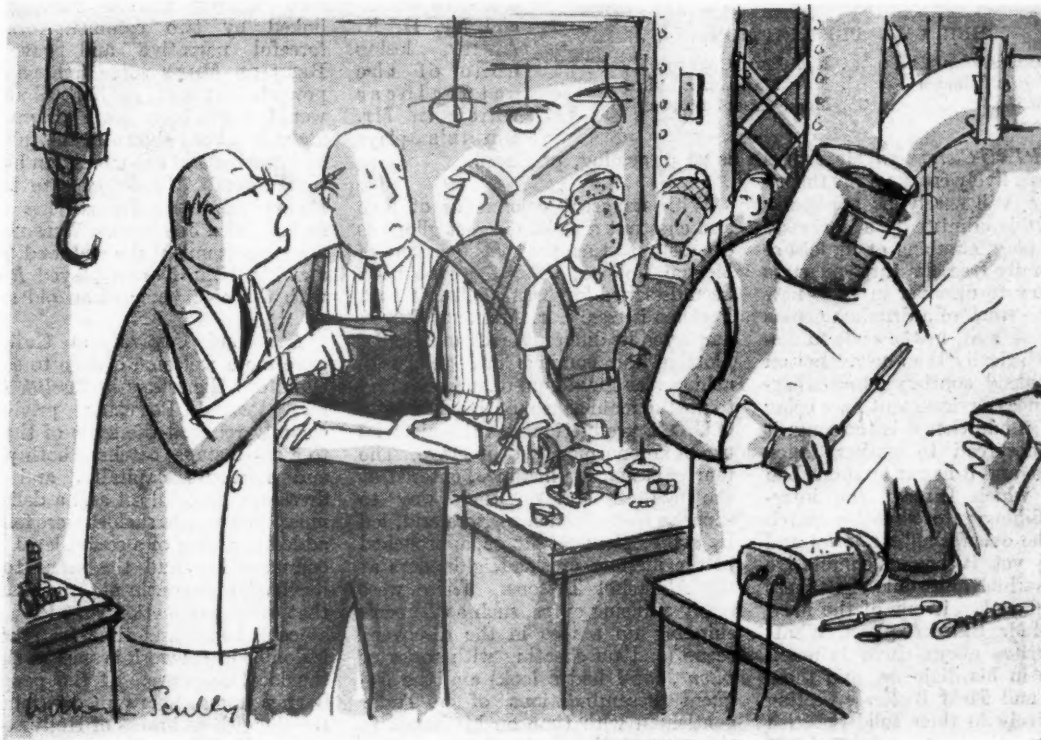
IT still!  
Don't move!  
They only sting if you annoy them.

It only wants some jam.  
For heaven's sake leave it alone!  
It's only flying harmlessly round.  
Look out—you'll infuriate it!  
Mind the jam dish!  
Now you've enraged it!  
Good shot—that's got it!  
Now where is it?  
Can't you see it?  
Where's it gone?  
Must be *somewhere*.  
Why couldn't you leave it alone?  
Give it up.  
Have some tea.  
Sit down.  
Ow!!!!  
What did I tell you?

## Hugging the Rails

"PERMANENT WAY WILL EXTEND BLUE TRAIN"

Heading, "Daily Telegraph" racing column.



"What's that man or woman doing?"

# At the Play

A SLEEPING CLERGYMAN (CRITERION)—LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST (OXFORD)—PEASANTS' PRIEST (CANTERBURY)—TWELFTH NIGHT (GUILDFORD)



[A Sleeping Clergyman

## HER OWN PRESCRIPTION

John Hannah . . . . . MR. JOHN GREGSON  
Wilhelmina Cameron . . . . . MISS MARGARET LEIGHTON  
Dr. Marshall . . . . . MR. FRANCIS LISTER

A *SLEEPING Clergyman*, Mr. JAMES BRIDIE's lively essay on the theory of heredity, will surely be a popular revival. It is admittedly a curiously disjointed play, climbing at its leisure down a family tree for three-quarters of a century to discover in what new caprices the stock of a drunken genius is blossoming and, in the end, to disprove dramatically the ancient notion that bad blood continues bad whatever influences environment may bring to bear. In addition it is too long, it is too widespread to gather much momentum, and it has at least one bad scene, by which I mean the interminable Billingsgate shouting-match between the overwrought Charles and his sister; yet it has a cumulative fascination which quite outweighs these defects and makes it one of the most engaging of Mr. BRIDIE's plays. Whatever he writes about there is unexpectedness in his dialogue, and these *Marshall*s and *Todd Walker*s, waiting apprehensively in their solid Scottish fashion for the next outbreak of the first *Charles Cameron*'s wild and brilliant legacy, are people with

is so disarming, produced.

With its great colonnades of lime and chestnut and its discreet glimpses of distant turretry the garden of Merton College, Oxford, might have been designed for *Love's Labour's Lost*. Perhaps it was. Mr. ANTHONY BESCH employed its different levels cunningly, plotting the comings and goings to achieve the maximum of surprise; and to me the main charm of this delightful O.U.D.S. production was the pictorial use of an enormously deep stage. The four gallants, for instance, entered at the farthest end on their way to surprise their French visitors and, led by two resplendent Moors, approached in the manner of the Highlanders at the Aldershot Tattoos. There were many amusing quips, such as *Berowne* shinning up a tree in the discovery scene (and no cheating with ropes or *pitons*, for I had a look) and the frequent perambulations of a Tudor gentleman with time on his hands in the lane at the back of the garden. Opening spokesmen had the sun in their eyes, but when night had almost

whom an evening is easily spent. Through three generations Mr. ROBERT DONAT (in the part he made) and Miss MARGARET LEIGHTON are exciting guinea-pigs, their mental stance nimbly changed for each fresh incarnation, and as the paternal doctor who cherishes the *Cameron*s as a hobby and weathers their tantrums into the creditably hirsute nineties Mr. FRANCIS LISTER gives a third very good performance. Miss RACHEL GURNEY, Miss DRUSILLA WILLS, Mr. EVELYN ROBERTS and Mr. JOHN GREGSON fill out a cast to match, and Mr. H. K. AYLIF, losing none of the naturalness which in Mr. BRIDIE's plays

fallen and the pigeons had put themselves noisily to bed the later scenes became a splendid mass of colour. Speech was excellently clear, and not a single microphone sullied the boscage. Acting, pretty good. Mr. KEN TYNAN came out best with a nobly antic *Holofernes*. After him I put Mr. MICHAEL GODLEY's spirited and beautifully spoken *Berowne*, Miss ELIZABETH SPRANGER's *Rosaline*, Mr. BERTRAM PARNABY's lusty *Costard*, and Mr. JOHN HALE's *King*. Mr. KIM TAYLOR over-animated *Armado*, but grew steadier as the play went on.

Another perfect setting, at Canterbury, where the Chapter House made a marvellous background for *Peasants' Priest*, written specially for the Festival by Mr. LAURIE LEE. Such an atmosphere made it easy to go back six hundred years. In clear and unpretentious verse the play describes how the serfs, cheated by the friars and downtrodden by their masters, rose under Wat Tyler and the Priest John Balle (author of "When Adam delved and Eve span, Who was then the gentleman?"), marched successfully on London, and were tricked into dispersing by the boy *Richard* and his rascally advisers. Its six episodes, seen against simple curtains and linked by two commentators, are forceful narrative and gave Mr. BERNARD MILES some fine passages, powerfully taken, as *Balle*; but they would have been more dramatic if *Tyler* had been shown in the full flush of agitation and not merely on his way to the tomb. Credit goes to Mr. E. MARTIN BROWNE for stirring crowd scenes, Miss JOSEPHINE WILSON gave a good account of the widowed *Queen*, and Mr. NEIL NORTH played *Richard* with the confidence of an old stager.

A second Festival, at Guildford, gave me a welcome chance to see the Guildford Repertory in *Twelfth Night*. Mr. PETER POTTER's production cleverly reduced the scale of the play to a small stage, catching both poetry and humours capitally, and good dresses, a graceful set and a delightful mock-Watteau backcloth were felicities added to acting of a sound level. This company has had the sense to ally itself with its cousin at Amersham, so that every production runs for a week at each house and time for rehearsal is doubled. Its work is such as shames the local response. If the people of Surrey cannot spare an evening from the sluggish embraces of Hollywood to support a live professional theatre of enterprise in their midst, then they are indeed beyond hope. ERIC.

## Old Masters and Mariners

THE visitor to the Loan Exhibition of seventeenth-century French Masters at the Wildenstein Galleries, 147 New Bond Street, has the double satisfaction of seeing a number of masterpieces not normally available for inspection and at the same time contributing to a really worth-while cause. The proceeds of the Exhibition are being given to the Merchant Navy Comforts Service, a fund which provides for the needs of merchant seamen at sea and ashore.

One of the loveliest of the Nicolas Poussins in this Exhibition is also, as it happens, the most controversial. This glitteringly fresh three-hundred-year-old painting, which represents the body of Phocion being carried out of Athens—the city beautifully placed above its tranquil pools, and set against a range of purple mountains—bears every evidence of originality, though French critics are no less satisfied with the claims of a version in the Louvre.

In his foreword to the catalogue Mr. Denys Sutton speaks of Poussin's "successful compromise between emotion and discipline," which is perhaps best observed in "The Holy Family on the Steps," a pyramidal composition in which the spiritual and visual elements are wonderfully united; and the visitor is enjoined not to leave the second room, where the Poussins are grouped, without also studying the Titianesque portrait of the artist as a young man, and the lovely "Tancréd and Erminia" in which the alteration of a garment to disclose more of a figure's limbs provides a characteristic example of the artist's *pentimenti*.

What can one say of Poussin's contemporary, Claude, without echoing some previous commentator as surely as the painter repeated his classical idealizations of nature? How well we know the group of foreground trees, the figures and cattle, the glimpse of distant mountain and plain, all bathed in that golden flood of light which raises speculations on the point where genius ends and the

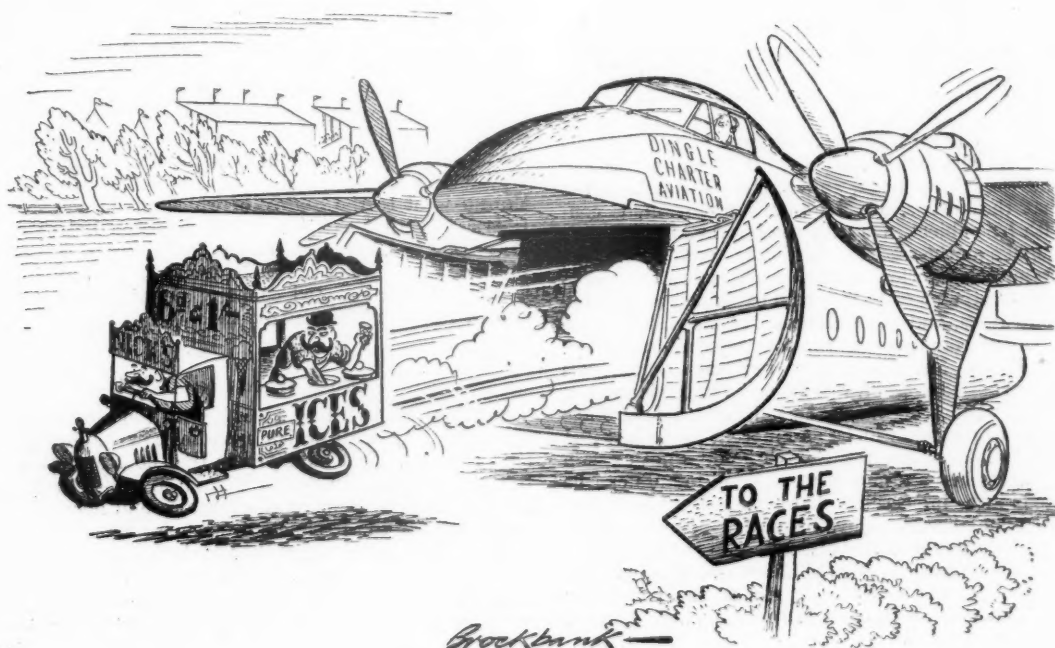
transformation of old varnish begins. "I shall expect some fine summer night," says a character in *Lothair*, "when there is that rich stillness which the whispering waves only render more intense, to hear a voice of music on the mountains declaring that the god Pan has returned to earth"—and that is the mood evoked by the loveliest Claude here, "The Enchanted Castle," by the margin of a lake. Before leaving him, may one beg the Earl of Leicester to weigh the risk of injury with the charity of reuniting Erminia and the Shepherds, veiled by nearly three centuries of grime?

The work of the brothers Le Nain is best seen at the Louvre, which possesses Louis's masterly series of French peasants; but the single Mathieu at Wildenstein's, "The Gamesters"—a group of gallants wearing feathered hats—is hardly inferior to "The Young Gamblers" at Buckingham Palace. The eldest brother Antoine (their styles are quite individual, though the three frequently collaborated) is represented by an exquisite little painting, "Les Petits Chanteurs," in which the three musicians, posed against a dark background, are depicted with minute Flemish realism.

Invited once to write on the "Minor Characters of Dickens," the late James Agate replied that there were no minor characters in Dickens. The "lesser" masters of the period—Bourdon, for example, and Francisque Millet—are far from being minor painters, overshadowed inevitably though they are by Poussin and Claude. Derivative their art may be; but Philippe de Champaigne's searching head of the Abbé Martin, Bourdon's miniature self-portrait, and La Tour's dramatically illuminated "Arrest of St. Peter" are only three among many paintings which bear witness to the genius of French art in the seventeenth century.

The Exhibition remains open until July 31st.

N. A. D. W.





"Well, if you're ABSOLUTELY certain you can lick more envelopes in a five-day week . . ."

### Our Booking Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

#### Mr. Hubert Nicholson

*A Voyage to Wonderland* (HEINEMANN, 8/6) contains twelve critical essays on a large variety of subjects, including Lewis Carroll, FitzGerald's *Rubāiyāt*, Sean O'Casey, Kenneth Patchen's *Journal of Albion Moonlight* (a kind of American *Pilgrim's Progress*, which gets stuck in the Valley of the Shadow of Death), Oscar Wilde on criticism, and the problem of Wordsworth's *Prelude*. It is an interesting, sincere and thoughtful book, and conveys throughout the feeling that the author, Mr. HUBERT NICHOLSON, is concerned with his subject, not with the impression his treatment will make on the reader. Mr. NICHOLSON is, however, not free from the confusion which characterizes all attempts to fuse the standpoint of Freud, who explained everything by internal causes, and the standpoint of Marx, for whom the external environment was the sole determining factor. Following Freud, Mr. NICHOLSON indicates that Lewis Carroll's great misconception was his belief in the innocence of childhood. Following Marx, he points to a future age when grown-up persons will be as innocent as he has just affirmed that children are not, though he does not explain by what process lust-and-murder breathing infants can be transformed into impeccable Utopians. But he often forgets Marx and Freud, enjoys his author spontaneously, and conveys his enjoyment and understanding to the reader. He is particularly good on Sean O'Casey and Wordsworth; and in his defence of the *Rubāiyāt* makes the somewhat challenging observation that Puritanism is once again in the ascendant in England.

H. K.

### This Demi-Paradise

Although it is hardly kind to ask planners to face the fact, it seems that the creative spirit is a personal one. Its national manifestations are due to the public acknowledgment of genius and a public demand for it. This demand, according to Mr. JOHN HARVEY, existed supremely in *Gothic England* (BATSFORD, 21/-). From 1300-1500 or so our country was a cultural unit, its Celtic, Saxon and Norman elements admirably fused. The notion that most mediæval art, from architecture to music, was a communal affair, and that we know nothing and need care less about the aims, methods and status of individual craftsmen, is scouted by the author of *Henry Yevele*. The idea, too, that the Church dominated the artist is also denied. Dunstable, for instance, the greatest of mediæval composers, accommodated ecclesiastical Latin as well as English love-lyrics to his own idiom; and the soundest Christianity, like the old ethnic religions it supplanted, came to terms—and good terms—with creative inspiration, to their mutual advantage. In Mr. HARVEY's "Survey of National Culture" you have a monument of ardent scholarship to the men whose personal exertions built up the most English of English ages. His excellent illustrations, being necessarily for the most part architectural, do less than justice to the magnificent scope of his text.

H. P. E.

### Memories

Autobiography is too coarse a word for the pattern of past days and dreams woven by Miss ELLA YOUNG in *Flowering Dusk* (DENNIS DOBSON, 15/-). A member of the Irish literary movement in the early years of this century, Miss YOUNG, who knew all the chief figures in the Celtic Renaissance, reflects the spirit of that movement in her elaborately simple prose. Speaking of a play by Æ, she says: "He has chosen the famous and tragic story of Deirdre for whose foretold and foredoomed beauty Conobar, the High-King, broke oath; fire blackened the palaces at Emain Machan; and the close-knit comradeship of the Paladins of the Red Branch dissolved." A week after the Easter Rising of 1916, with which she was in complete spiritual sympathy, she writes: "This is May-Day: I am repeating to myself the Rann of the Four Jewels. There will be no blossom on the blackthorn to-day." When the Countess Markievicz, who took an active part in the rising, returned to Dublin in 1917, Miss YOUNG pictures her standing "upon a float piled high with flowers and greenery, very fair to look on, radiant and slender." In 1925 Miss YOUNG went to the States, of which she is now a citizen. It is a pity that she joined Mabel Dodge Luhan in Taos after D. H. Lawrence's departure, for one would have welcomed her impression of Lawrence in that setting. She is happy in her adopted country, and the symbol she has chosen for it is The Tawny Lioness.

H. K.

### Cross Words and Kind

Mr. IVOR BROWN tastes words with the same dispassionate sensibility with which men in bow-windows in Pall Mall taste port, but he differs in that he keeps open palate to the unknown. In *Say the Word* (CAPE, 6/-), the fourth of his delightful lexicons of English nice and horrid, he even speaks up for the freshness of such blossoms of American salesmanship as pet-smooth and kitten-snug, phrases to conjure with in the sugared world of pantie-girdles. Mainly, however, he is out for the blood of the officials and the bearded boys whose pudderese—a useful word he takes from Shakespeare's pudder, a storm of wind and

rain—drives him to a memorable rendering of the Lord's Prayer into the jargon of pink forms and pinker criticism; and to bring back into the language words of merit writers have forgotten. Inkle, used by Shakespeare for guess, prompts him to this experiment: "In the Dental Plate the form suggests that Blazer should be first past the post, but I inkle danger to come from Bounce and Booster." A delicate addition to the narrow talk of horsey men. Pliskies seems to be roughly the Scots for poltergeists or malicious wantons, and if a northern bard should ever be faced with the translation of "God Save The King" Mr. BROWN wafts him generously over the nasty hurdle of "Confound their politics" with "O'erwhummle their pliskies." "A tardle of work on my desk" is perfect. With its rich prunings from the masters and its charming commentary on usage this book is indeed a tonic to our spent vocabulary.

E. O. D. K.

### View of the Present State of Ireland

*Irish Miles* (MACMILLAN, 12/6), though written apparently in Dublin, exhibits the least appreciative mood in which those who have left their country for their country's good—or their own—come back, look around, and publish the result in the asylum of their choice. There might be a whole series in the same vein. Crusted English Tories would revisit the Socialist reich; White Russians cycle round the Soviets; and as good a time be had by all as by Mr. FRANK O'CONNOR searching for vestiges of the old "European" Ireland in the (to him) wholly unsympathetic republic of De Valera. His vivid account of a tour a-wheel with his wife strikes one as possibly too embittered. After all, the Europe that went to make Ireland no longer exists; and if the country is not making as good use of its constructive opportunities as it did of its obstructive ones, the same can be said of most of us. Those who in any case contemplate a tour of Ireland will be able to use this aesthetically discerning book to plot their course through the loveliest scenery to the most cherishable buildings. It should help them, too, to avoid what is known as "a bad town for a cup of tea" in favour of more hospitable quarters.

H. P. E.

### Inland Sailors

*Idle Women* (BENN, 12/6) has a most refreshing title for a war-book, but then if Mrs. SUSAN WOOLFIT could have been a "Bevin Girl" she would (probably) have written with exuberance and humour about life in the coal-mines, and added that it seemed "almost wrong to have found anything good" in what the war brought to her. The book is an account of her work as a volunteer on the inland waterways of Britain—hence the "I.W." badge which suggested a nick-name for the boat-women. At the age of thirty-seven, the author offered her services to the Ministry of War Transport for term-time only, as she had two children, passed (in spite of a "semi-detached" kidney) and was accepted for training. Her account of that most arduous training, the difficulty and danger of manipulating lock-gates, steering the "butty," the boat on tow, sheeting-down the cargo, getting more tired and more filthy every day is most amusingly and interestingly written. Once when a rocket had nearly wrecked the boats by blast a new volunteer asked, "Has the Primus blown up?" One could quote indefinitely and praise the author for many pages, but she would prefer her readers to write to the Inland Waterways Association, 11 Gower Street, W.C.1, and ask how they may help those whose lives are spent permanently and very hardly on our inland waterways.

B. E. B.

### "From Heaven or Near It."

Himself no Gilbert White, Mr. LEONARD DUBKIN's Selborne was the Chicago shore of Lake Michigan, in the neighbourhood of Dearborn Street, where one of the unsavoury rivers of The Loop finds its estuary. Yet "ever since I was twelve years old," he begins, "I have known that some day I would write a book about birds." For the writer of this charming book, *The Murmur of Wings* (HURST AND BLACKETT, 10/6), was like the young Barbellion, and followed in that disappointed man's footsteps both in his love of nature and his miserable uneasiness as—willy-nilly—a newspaperman. In Chicago, where the winds clap iron wings at block corners, the young ornithologist found no rich variety of species; but studied the more the city pigeons, the misnamed "common" sparrows, the herring-gulls and starlings, and studied them so loving-close that some of his observations on, for example, the flight of the sparrow have the analytical accuracy of a series of stills taken by a slow-motion camera. Mr. DUBKIN has a crumb to peck with the city "bird-lover" who waxes sentimental about "wee robin redbreasts." But the real theme of this book is an uncommonly pleasant autobiography, the life-story of one who, a unit in a city of swarming millions, is akin to Richard Jefferies or Evelyn or Andrew Marvell, and has the knack they had of putting your thoughts in a green shade. Very well worth the half-guinea, even without the additional embellishment of Miss SUZANNE SUBA's pretty drawings.

R. C. S.

The last two volumes of Mr. GORDON N. RAY's monumental *Letters and Private Papers of William Makepeace Thackeray* (OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS, 6 guineas the set of four vols.) have now been published. The Collection as a whole is of first-rate importance both as a source of pleasure in itself and as an indispensable starting-point for the full-length biography of Thackeray that has still to be written.



"It's getting a bit much when the only reliable place in London for lunch is the one-five to Glasgow."

## H. J.'s Belles-Lettres

**W**E experts must always be prepared to be summoned to the B.B.C. at a moment's notice, so, ever a fourmi rather than a cigale, I have taken time by its forelock and my talk on Science lies ready night and day on the hall-stand. As they have no fewer than three programmes of different kinds I need of course three separate versions, and these I shall print here.

### The Home Service

#### JOHN CITIZEN LOOKS AT SCIENCE.

Good-evening. The plain man is often perturbed and perplexed when he is faced with modern science. On the one hand it has done much good, but on the other it has done much evil. As one whose business it is to ponder these matters I may perhaps be permitted to make a few general reflections. When we look around we see upon all sides Nature's question-marks. The birds in the trees, the snails in their shelly mansions, the sunbeams on the ivied wall are indeed things of beauty. But they are also problems. They ask us, if we hear their question aright, why they are there and not elsewhere. Modern research, for example, has shown that the birds in the trees differ according to the season of the year. Some think it is due to glands, some that it's not the heat but the humidity. Science speaks with many tongues, all of them, fortunately, golden. You may say: "What matters it to me why swallows migrate?" I reply bluntly: "Because this knowledge will make your life fuller and richer. Your friends will deem you one to be looked up to: you will be invited to take part in Brains Trusts at your local Community Centre."

Of course you cannot all become experts; it is in many ways not desirable that you should. We professionals must continue our lonely delving into the causes of things. The scientist, however, must not live only in his ivory laboratory but must place his knowledge at the service of his fellow men, being encouraged to undertake such practical duties as his training in impartiality, logic and the like specially fit him for—balancing imports and exports, recasting education, streamlining the constitutions of our Colonies and stretching hands in all directions across the sea. As ratepayers, taxpayers and electors, it is for you to see that the supply of scientists meets the need, and that pay, pensions, allowances and working conditions are such that they may devote their minds to giving the ordinary man the leadership he thirsts for, free from the distractions of earthly care.

### Light Programme

#### SCIENCE FOR YOU

Good-evening, one and all. This is your pal, Harmony Jenkins, just popped along to your fireside for a cosy chat. Now don't be afraid I'm going to put over any heavy stuff. I expect you are the kind of people who think of us scientists as moth-eaten old professors with long white beards. Turn same up, mates! And I *don't* mean the face-fungus! No, after our day's work in the good old lab. is done we hie us off to the little hostelry round the corner and sink many a pint of what put the curves on aunty. May I emphasize that we are quite, quite ordinary.

Like most people's jobs, ours is a lot of hard work with not so many spondulicks at the end of it as would make the bank manager press cigars on us. And yet, like most jobs, there's a lot of romance in it when you come to think.

Look at that boy speeding down the Great North Road with his girl on the carrier. Having a pretty good time, isn't he? Well, without the work of us scientists she wouldn't have any make-up on at all. Quite likely she would be a brunette instead of a blonde. Or listen to the strains of your favourite cinema organ. Watch the flood-lights turn it into a fairy bower. But for such joy-bringers as Micky Faraday and Jimmy Clerk Maxwell, those beautiful greens and mauves would not be there for our delight.

Romance—and adventure! There's quite a thrill, you know, in trying out some new dodge one's thought up in the Saturday-night bath and wondering if it is going to work. Will the mixture fizz or go blue or blow up when you pour some acid in, or will it turn into the red paste with styptic properties that you're aiming at? So next time you feel inclined to say, "These scientific blokes are desiccated recluses, neither more nor less," remember such are really gay and useful sparks and should be encouraged.

### Third Programme

#### PROGNOSIS FOR SCIENCE

*Comment vous portez-vous?* One starts from the proposition that the desire to see fresh patterns in Nature, to manipulate sense-data in a new way, springs from the urge to compensate for an inner maladjustment dating from childhood. The scientist, that is to say, retains in adult life the desire to attract attention, to astonish by novel surprises, to compel the sound-response "Coo!" He is likely to have had the same type of family environment as the conjurer. From the asymmetrical development of the neurotic personality come the drives which war savagely upon the hypotheses hitherto accepted as valid by the herd. The situation, however, is changing: a neurosis famine has begun to emerge. The increase in integration arising from the development of the Child Guidance Clinic will inevitably result in the "withering away" of what we now mean by science, including psychology itself. For this reason the theories by which the twentieth century has been persuaded by research-workers to rationalize its experience will become accepted as final truth by a completely conformist world, and this makes the responsibility of the modern scientist, the last of his line, greater than that of his predecessors, for whom the situation permitted a presumption of provisionality. The great liberal fallacy, the application of judgments of value to social tendencies, must not of course lead us to deplore the cessation of scientific development. Realism bids us not to reject but to welcome our position as the final pioneers, the teachers of the conservatives. One foresees a world ahead in which the goal of human endeavour will be the confirmation of authority; but we shall be the authority it is sought to confirm.

To these reflections, which will be worked over by later speakers in the series, I leave you. *Vale!*

o o

### Self-Mortification Corner

"Bringing up a family should mean a fuller, not a narrower life of worry and frustration."—*Evening paper.*

o o

"Does any clergyman know of a farmer's daughter who would be willing to marry a 60-acre farmer, Co. Tipperary."

*Advt. in Church paper.*

Hardly likely, is it?

## Translations from the Ish

### TOO MANY MANGERS FOR ONE DOG

"I TAKE almost no pleasure,"  
Said the militant lowbrow,  
"In the radio, to-day.

When there is something  
On the Light Programme  
That I want to hear  
My pleasure in it is ruined,

Either by the fact that the Home  
Service  
Is offering at the same time  
Something I should like just as much,

Or by the fact that  
At the same time  
The Third Programme is putting out  
something  
Which I should absolutely loathe."

### DISTRACTED READER

Among things worse  
Than being watched finishing a book  
By people who haven't read it

Is being seen to be  
Only half-way through it  
By people who have.

### A CATCH IN IT

"I might press my trousers  
Under the mattress,"  
Agreed the shabby bachelor,  
"Only that, of course, involves  
(More or less) making the bed."

### A TOUCH OF BIAS

"This book," said the publisher,  
"Is best described  
In the author's own words:  
'Never was there such an outstanding  
Masterpiece . . .'

But it may be advisable for us  
To pretend they're someone—  
Indeed, anyone—  
Else's."

### SOMEBODY'S GOT TO GET IT

The essential optimism  
Of the human race . . .

Tell a man he has no more chance  
Of winning big money  
In a football pool  
Than he has of being struck  
By lightning,

And you make him  
Not less expectant of a fortune,  
But more apprehensive of storms.

### EXTREMES

So you are  
A Lover of Good Music?

Do you mean  
That you make a point  
Of clapping in restaurants,  
Or of not clapping at concerts?

### DISCORDANT NOTE

Not for worlds  
Would I say anything against  
Old Man River,

But I do suggest  
That his habit (referred to in the  
song)  
Of saying nothing,  
Though he "must know something"  
(And that's a question, too),

Instead of being put down to  
Wise and benevolent reticence,  
Should be recognized  
As what it is—  
Sheer incapacity.

### A LINE THROWN AWAY

Interviewed as she emerged  
From the National Gallery,  
The visiting film-star  
Was able to say

"I think your Constables  
Are wonderful,"

But the reporter didn't get it,  
And the printer didn't get it,  
So none of the readers got it,

And her gag-writer said What could  
she expect, anyway,  
Changing the routine? R. M.

### Breaking Up the Happy Home

"4.—Robinsons.  
4.15.—Robinson Cleaver."  
Radio programme.

"A Rome of your own—through the —  
Building Society."—Advt. in local paper.  
Or can't you wait more than a day?



"All change and I'm very sorry—I am but a cog in the wheel."

## On Being About to Bowl

I AM deep in contemplation at long leg when I hear my name being called. It is Cedric, our captain. "Oi!" he is saying. "Wake up!" "I am awake," I reply with quiet dignity. "Didn't you notice how...?" "Don't argue," he interrupts. "And get a move on."

I then observe that he is beckoning me to come towards him. I am at a loss to see the purpose behind this manoeuvre, however. Over has been called and I should be proceeding towards long-on. Mid-off is already in position and is looking at me with an air of expectancy. Two mid-offs? This is madness. Some new kind of theory, no doubt.

Obediently I trot forward some half-dozen paces and come to a halt.

"This do?" I remark chattily.

I see that he is looking at me in what can only be described as a wild manner. Ever anxious to please, I rub my hands on the turf and then lean forward, resting them on my knees. The picture is of quiet, if slightly rheumatic, efficiency.

"Carry on," I say. "I'm ready."

But Cedric is not appeased. Far from it. He becomes abusive. "Come here," he concludes. "I want you to bowl."

"Oh," I say. "That's different."

A quick glance at the score-board reveals the figures 220—1—9, and all is explained. Dashing the grass from my lips, I move forward briskly. Already my mind is at work on a plan of attack. Leg breaks, I think, in this slightly damp atmosphere, and on the fifth ball of the over I shall bowl my googly.

"Thank you," says Cedric, with unnecessary sarcasm. "Good of you to come."

Hot words rush to my lips and I am about to refer to a certain discreditable incident in his past when I notice that he is making sweeping gestures with his arms, as though swimming the breast-stroke.

"No, no," I say patiently. "I want two slips, a silly mid-on and a man close in square on the leg side."

"Nonsense," says Cedric. "Catches in the deep. The only hope..."

"I am at a loss to know..."

"Deeper, Johnny, deeper," Cedric shouts to extra-cover. "As far back as you can get."

"The silly mid-on is essential if I am to give of my best."

"And wider," Cedric adds.

"Furthermore..."

"Get a move on, ass," says Cedric, and retires to his position behind the stumps.

Frustrated, I begin to pace out my run. After some fifteen steps I recollect that I am bowling slow this afternoon and I go back and start again.

At this point the umpire—the visiting umpire—intervenes.

"How d'you bowl?" he asks.

"Well," I answer thoughtfully, "on a sticky wicket..."

"How d'you bowl?"

"Oh... Right arm over the wicket."

"Overarm?"

I gaze at the man with quiet defiance. "Naturally," I say coldly.

"Right arm, over," he shouts.

"Want a new guard?"

"Yes," says the batsman, a great hulking brute of a fellow with a blue chin. The umpire bends forward and I am forced to brush past him in pacing out my run for the second time.

After five paces I recollect that it was with a run of this length that I took a wicket in 1934. I pull up hurriedly and start scratching my mark with my heel. Unfortunately, I am wearing rubber soles which make no impression on the turf. I feel in my pocket for some sharp instrument, but can only produce a handkerchief. This I lay carefully in the proper place. It immediately blows away and is retrieved by mid-off, who hands it to me with an elaborate bow.



Once again I return to pace out my run, and at the fifth pace I pause and take a swift mental photograph of the spot. It is, I observe, a bare patch roughly the shape of New Guinea, with a daisy at four o'clock and two buttercups a foot away to the left.

This done, I remove my sweater, which I hand to the umpire. He receives it huffily, but I am not to be put off by sulkiness. There is work to be done and in preparation I whirl my right arm round, windmill fashion, with such terrifying menace that the ball, which I am holding, rockets into the air like a pheasant and strikes silly point a shrewd blow in the small of the back. This causes a further delay, but after a short, yet interesting, dialogue I receive the ball again.

Clearly the time has now come for action. I make my way smartly to New Guinea, turn round and start to run in.

"Hang on," says the umpire. "Batsman not ready."

This, I find, is not strictly true. In actual fact it is Cedric, who is lying on his back behind the stumps and gazing at the heavens. As I pull up he scrambles to his feet and I make a hurried mental note that this is an occasion which must not be forgotten.

Once again I return to New Guinea. I realize that the delay has proved a blessing in disguise as I had previously omitted to remember I was bowling leg breaks. This time I am not to be caught and I arrange my grip with some care. I bend my wrist so far back that the ball is nearly rubbing against my elbow.

"Play," says the umpire.

"Half a jiff," I say. "My shoe-lace is undone."

"Play," says the umpire.

"Oh, all right," I say, and I mean it. Shoe-laces or no shoe-laces, I will bowl. It will be a slow ball, the first one—slow, but deceptive in its slowness. It will pitch a perfect length, gather speed off the turf, whip away at an angle of some 60 degrees and, unless the batsman gets out of the way in time, give slip an easy catch. It will be heavily flighted and...

"Play," says the umpire, but I am away. Two steps and a shuffle and the ball is sailing through the air in a gentle parabola.

I am indeed bowling...

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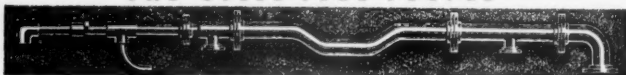
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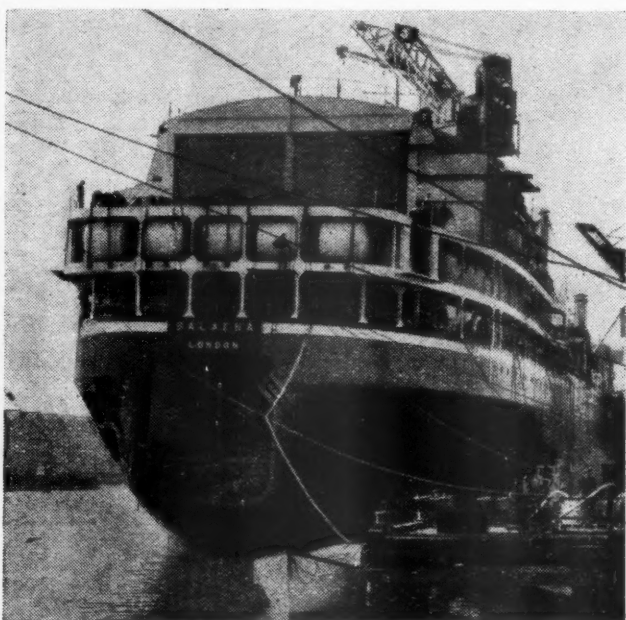
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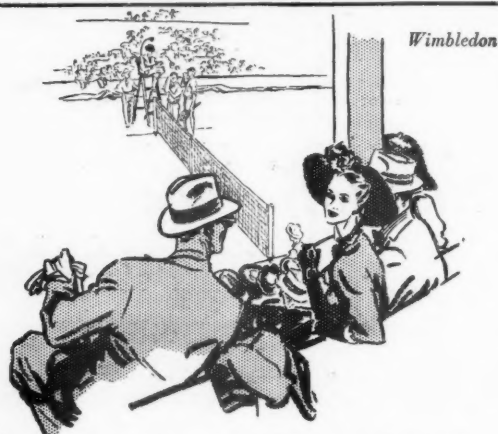
196 TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, W.1



**GOR-RAY**  
Registered  
skirts one  
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Gor-ray Ltd 107 New Bond Street London W1

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Jacqmar designs a sky-minded  
scarf for the summer season...  
the interior of a B.E.A. Viking  
**Jacqmar**  
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### What are they talking about?

No, they're not discussing the last set. The topic is Burrough's Gin. People of discernment who prefer gin drinks always try for Burrough's... because it is triple distilled. This is the extra refinement that makes Burrough's Gin soft, smooth and clean to the palate. Taken plain it is delicious... and Burrough's Gin always "keeps its place" in even the most delicate cocktail. Maximum price 25/3d. per bottle.

ENJOYED SINCE 1820

**BURROUGH'S** *Gin*

IT IS TRIPLE DISTILLED!

JAMES BURROUGH LTD., 75 CALE DISTILLERY, HUTTON ROAD, S.E.11



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Slip MOTHAKS on each clothes  
hanger in your wardrobe.

The simple MODERN way to  
save your clothes from ruin  
by moths.

Pleasant, safe and economical.

8d. for a bag of eight



**MOTHAKS**

"Guardians of the Wardrobe"

Made by THOMPSON & CAPPER WHOLESALE LTD., LIVERPOOL, 19



### It's Crystal Clear

that the proper way to get windows  
really clean is to use

**SCRUBB'S**  
*Window  
Cleaner*

which quickly removes all smears, fly  
marks and stains. The same applies to  
mirrors, dressing-table tops, wind-  
screens, and all types of glass-  
ware. Easy to use—no hard work. 1/6



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CLOUDY AMMONIA.

Famous for 80 years.

YOU MAY HAVE TO  
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A LITTLE LONGER



They're back—but only in limited quantities!

Remember the wonderful  
Gooseberry flavour?

PRICES: 1/2 lb. box 2/4; 1 lb. box 4/8

MELTIS LTD., LONDON & BEDFORD

For energy  
and  
stamina

**TUROG**  
BROWN  
BREAD



The MODERN way  
to Loveliness

## Number Seven

BEAUTY PREPARATIONS

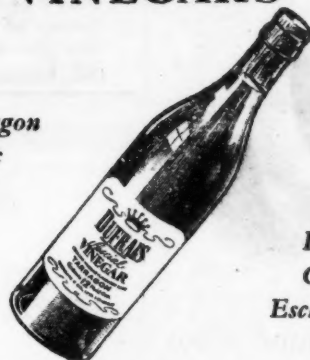
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CLEANSING CREAM · SKIN TONIC · FACE POWDER

Obtainable only from branches of *Boots*



## DUFRAIS Special VINEGARS

Tarragon  
Garlic  
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Elder  
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etc.

Made from Natural Herbs Matured in Genuine Malt Vinegar  
AND SOLD ONLY IN BOTTLE

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Raise the patient's  
metabolic rate and you  
quicken recovery

WHEN we are recovering from illness,  
our vitality is at a low ebb.

This is because our metabolic rate is depressed. (Metabolism is the chemical process in the body-cells which maintains life.) If the metabolism of our bodies can be stimulated, listlessness disappears. We can take on new strength and soon "turn the corner."

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3/- a jar.



Brand's Essence

Famous for  
fine Quality



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FRESH FRUIT JAMS  
BY  
*Crosbie's*

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RELIEVES CATARRH,  
COLDS & HAY FEVER

A "sniff" at bedtime  
clears the nasal passages

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These exquisite 'bon-bons' came from France before the fall of the Bastille. Their delicate perfume and flavour still remain the guarded secret of

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OF ORK

Nut imports are scarce, but they're surely coming.

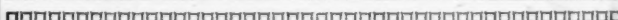


**Hurrah  
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Spa**  
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There is no finer toothbrush made — anywhere.  
It's a quality article in every sense of the word.  
Clean-cut tufts. Correctly-shaped head — long or short. Fine finish. SPA — a superb toothbrush.

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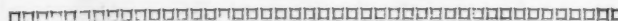
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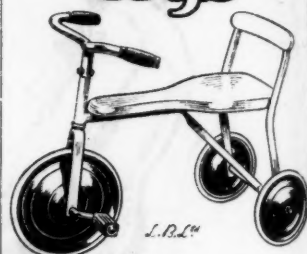
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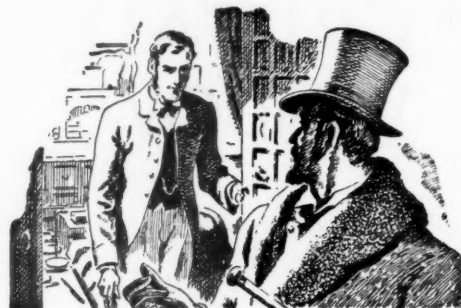
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